THE ILLUSTRATED
MIDLAND NEWS.
LEIGHTON. DEL
SWAN SC.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE
FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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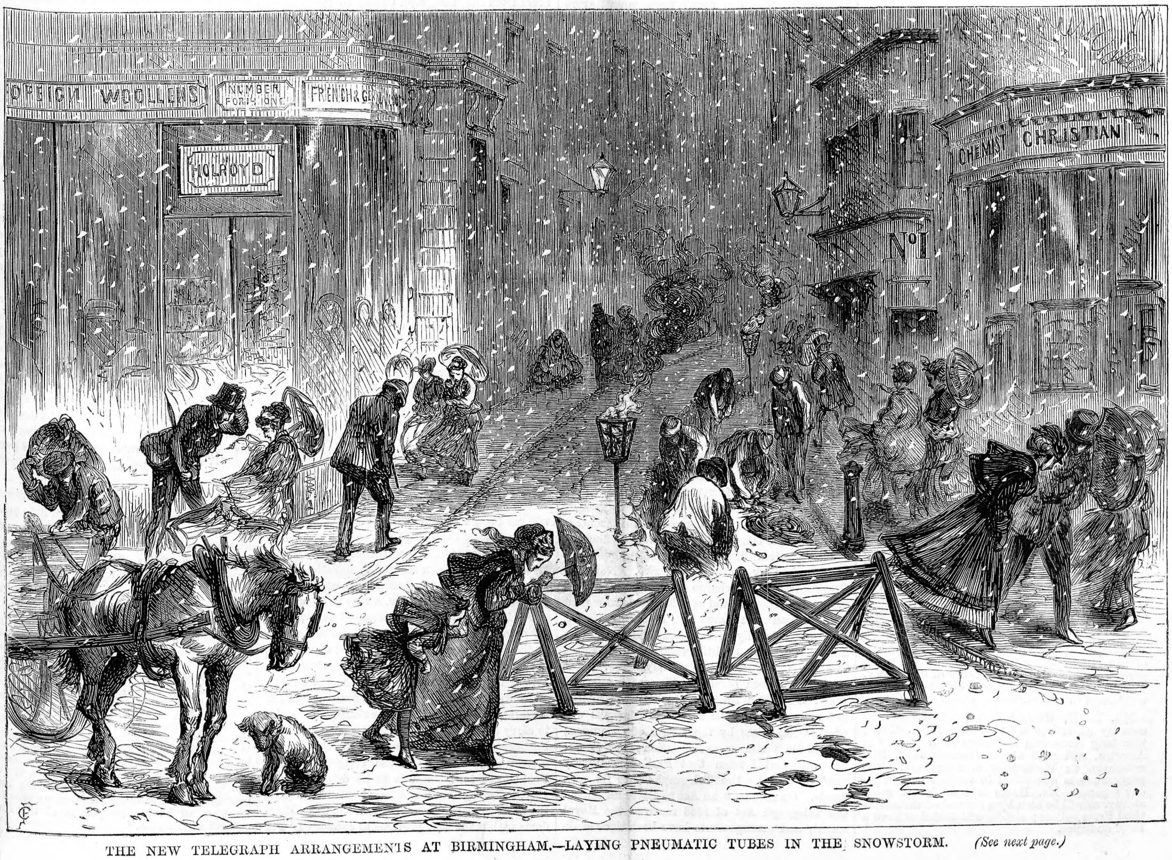
ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

Following in our wake another Illustrated Newspaper is announced. It is to be a London publication. The projectors believe that they can do something far in advance of the *Illustrated London News*. Nothing has ever been published, indeed, which they do not promise to surpass. An enormous capital has been subscribed for this purpose. They plant their banner in the Strand, and they do not disguise their ambition.

The new paper is to be a sixpenny publication, with a name that lifts it quite out of the ordinary class of newspaper buyers. For the sake of Art we wish it every success; but we do not think the *Illustrated London News* need be in any great state of alarm. Fear of rivals is, however, the normal condition of 208, Strand. The policy of the management has been to buy up opponents. Thus the *Illustrated Times* and *Penny Illustrated Paper* fell into their hands. The *News* takes credit for not publishing sensation pictures; but the proprietary are not above adorning the pages of their penny paper with pictorial representations of Pantin horrors. The advent of The Illustrated Midland News put 208, Strand, into a nervous flutter. The London papers and the Birmingham dailies bloomed with announcements of the special charms of the old Illustrated. This was a compliment which we hardly deserved. We hope last week we were more worthy than heretofore of the distinguished attention.

With plenty of money there is no difficulty whatever in producing a magnificent illustrated paper in London. Every appliance for the work is at your command. Artists, engravers, printers, are on the spot ready to receive and execute your orders. In the country all is new and strange. There is hardly an artist in the provinces who can draw upon the wood for newspaper illustrations, and we have met with no engraver who could cut the artist's work, supposing the block was prepared. Ninety-nine out of every hundred printers in the country know nothing of "bringing up cuts." To print an illustrated newspaper in Birmingham is to introduce a new industry into the provinces. In face of enormous difficulties we have started this new industry, we have added a new branch to provincial printing, we have added a fresh page to the history of provincial journalism, we have shown once more that with energy and perseverance the country can do all that London can in journalism. We confidently look to the provinces, to our country friends in London, and to the country press, for the necessary patronage to carry us through our great venture triumphantly.

We have had some curious instances of the general want of knowledge concerning pictorial papers. Our artist was present the other day at a festive gathering. The director was astounded that a picture of the event could not be published in the current issue of our paper which would appear two days afterwards. Some of our readers would be exceedingly surprised could they watch the progess of a local illustration from its commencement until its publication in the Illustrated Paper. In the first place the artist must make his sketch, then he, or a draughtsman having special experience of the subject, re-draws the sketch upon a prepared block of wood. He



THE NEW TELEGRAPH ARRANGEMENTS AT BIRMINGHAM.—LAYING PNEUMATIC TUBES IN THE SNOWSTORM. *(See next page.)*

must define every detail with care and exactness. When his work is finished the wood holds a high-class drawing, such as might cost you in an ordinary way from five to fifty guineas. It has then to be engraved. Supposing the picture is a large one, the block is divided and placed in the hands of several engravers. They cut the wood, with the sharpest of edge tools, into such a shape that the printer can take impressions from it. This process alone for a block the full size of one of our pages cannot be covered, in the most ordinary case, by an expense of less than twenty guineas. Twenty guineas for the mere engraving of a single picture! It is then far from ready to print. The practised machine-printer, with something of an artist's feelings for the lights and shadows of the drawing, next proceeds to prepare his block for the press. Special overlays and underlays, bearers for the lighter parts, strengthening coverings for the heavier shadows, have to be cut and carved and fitted. The whole process is one requiring the greatest care and judgment; and all this work is supplemented with the ordinary labours attending the publication of a newspaper. If any difficulty arises in the course of the work, there are no skilled hands in the next street to render assistance. A few weeks ago we felt these obstacles immensely. We feel them no longer. Our last impression is one that we can point to with honest satisfaction.

The new illustrated paper is to be published at sixpence. The old one, for which we have a hearty admiration, is fivepence, and sometimes tenpence and a shilling. THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS is published at threepence. Seventeen shillings and sixpence a year will secure a copy regularly posted every week, including all our Extra Sheets and Christmas Supplements. To maintain our position well, and enable us to do justice to the country as the Provincial Illustrated Paper, we must have a permanent circulation of thirty thousand a week. We printed over that number the first week; we sold more than half the number the second week. Another week we got through twenty thousand. We are now getting into an average sale that doubles all the country newspapers put together in many of the county towns, and every day brings us new subscribers through the post. Advertisers who complain of the high scale of our charges, already begin largely to acknowledge the importance of our sale and the permanency of the medium we offer them.

In the midst of the illustrated mania which appears to have set in, we hope the country will recognise in us the first earnest and determined effort to give the provinces an Illustrated Newspaper.

It appears that there were 275 persons in the ill-fated steamer *Stonewall*, of whom but 44 are known to have been saved. The Mississippi river in the neighbourhood of the wreck is being dragged for the corpses of the dead, and 60 bodies have been recovered.

The sum of £6,173 has been stolen from a Wolverhampton society, composed chiefly of operatives and small tradesmen. It is known by the name of the Wolverhampton Freeholders' Permanent Benefit Building Society. The head office is in the borough named, and there are branches in most of the smaller towns of the Black Country. The society was started nearly twenty years ago, and it has had only two secretaries. One died a few years ago, and he was succeeded by the man who had been for some time his chief clerk, and in whom the society had the greatest confidence. Presently, this second secretary, whose name is Ward, was discovered to be misappropriating the funds of the society, and he is now undergoing a term of imprisonment in Stafford gaol. The scrutiny of the books and accounts of the society which had been begun when Ward was committed has only just been completed. The result is the discovery of a series of peculations extending over nearly the whole period embraced in the existence of the society. The dishonesty is clearly traceable to the secretaries, and chiefly to the one who is dead.

MR. D. D. HOME'S READINGS.—It will be seen by advertisement that Mr. D. D. Home, who long since won his spurs as a Reader in America, will read at the Masonic Hall, Birmingham, on Wednesday evening next. The programme is advertised in another part of today's paper. Mr. Home is a reader of great ability, as will be seen by a perusal of the advertised Press notices; and he will doubtless have a large audience.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

It seems but the other day that William Fothergill Cooke set up the first telegraph wires between Paddington and West Drayton, on the Great Western Railway, and that all England was startled by the intelligence that the lightning flash had been subdued and rendered subservient to man's wishes and caprices. Yet it was some thirty years ago. It was in 1838-9 that Mr. Cooke's telegraphic apparatus was brought into use; but long before that the subject of electric telegraphy had been discussed. So far back as 1747, Watson and others had demonstrated the possibility of transmitting electricity by means of an insulated wire. Lenarge was even before Watson with a scheme for telegraphing through wires by electricity; in 1787 Betancourt came forward with the engrossing subject, and he was followed in 1795 by Cavallo, Salva (1796), Sœmmering (1809), and Ronalds (1816). Very little was done, however, in the matter until, in 1820, Ampére's invention, consisting of the employment of the magnetic needle and coil, and the galvanic battery, was brought under public notice. Still, the majority of those who took the trouble to enquire into the merits of the invention and into its adaptability to the requirements of every-day life, were incredulous, and refused to believe that the lightning-speech would ever come into general use. Professor Wheatstone did much to remove the suspicion and disfavour with which the new mode of transmitting messages was regarded. Wheatstone constructed an apparatus by which, in the month of June, 1836, thirty signals were conveyed through nearly four miles of wire. The next year came the inventions of Steinheil and Masson and Morse; and in the same year of 1837—a veritable *annus mirabilis*—Cooke and Wheatstone patented their magnetic needle telegraph, for which, in 1867, they received the Society of Arts Albert gold medal. How, in after years, the invention was improved and extended to all parts of the globe, the reader is aware: the Electric Telegraph is now an historical fact—the most remarkable feature in modern civilization. Although it has only been in operation, as we have seen, for about thirty years, the Telegraph is now such a necessity of intercommunication that its discontinuance would throw the whole machinery of trade and commerce out of gear. Like the Cheap Press, which has grown and flourished side by side with the invention of Cooke and Wheatstone, the Electric Wire has developed itself with such amazing rapidity, that we are sometimes likely to forget how short a time we have possessed it. Almost the whole habitable world is now within the pale of the Telegraph. You can count upon your fingers the places that the lightning has not yet brought into communication with us. With the aid of the Wire we can "survey mankind from China to Peru"—order a cargo of tea from Pekin, a parcel of shawls from Bombay, or a ship-load of corn from Odessa. In almost less time than it takes to write, you may learn the price of the Funds in the city of New York, read at breakfast time a report of the proceedings in Congress the night before, and learn all about a Governmental crisis often, as regards time, before it is published in the American journals! Five thousand miles of sea lie between London and New York; yet the other day, when a famous aquatic contest was being waged on the Thames in the presence of several thousand spectators, including many from the States, the issue was known in the chief city of America within a very few minutes of the Oxford men tossing up their victorious sculls at Mortlake!

For the Press of Great Britain the Telegraph has done wonders, and will do more. But at present the New World is far in advance of the Old, so far as telegraphy is used for newspaper purposes. By the great principle of Co-operation the editor of the smallest country journal in the States is supplied with the latest telegraphic news as fully and impartially as the most influential paper in New York or Washington.

At length, and after waiting patiently for it, we are promised something of the same facility for sending telegraphic messages in this country. And the Post Office is to be the new medium of communication. Hitherto, the Telegraphs have been worked by private enterprise. Now the Government takes charge of the Wires, and promises us cheaper and speedier telegrams than we have been accustomed to. This step has not been taken hastily, nor without due consideration of the responsibilities which will be added to those the Post Office already bears. The subject has been before Parliament for several years. In 1863 a Bill to enable the Government to buy up and work the Electric Telegraphs was read a second time by the House of Commons; in 1868 there was more legislation; but it was not until last Session that Parliament finally resolved to take the Telegraphs into its own hands. On August 9 an Act to alter and amend the Telegraph Act of 1868 received the Royal assent, and arrangements have been since made to transfer the Telegraphs to the Postmaster-General. By the new Act the Treasury is empowered to raise £7,000,000. The gross revenue received by the Postmaster-General for the transmission of messages by means of Electric Telegraphs is to be paid into the Exchequer to the account of the Consolidated Fund, and the expenses incurred with the sanction of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury in working, maintaining, or extending Telegraphs to be paid out of moneys to be voted by Parliament. By the recited Act (31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 110) the Postmaster-General was empowered to purchase the whole or part of the undertaking of any Telegraph Company except the Atlantic Telegraph Company and the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. The Postmaster-General was required by the former Act to make one uniform charge for the transmission of telegraphic messages throughout the United Kingdom; and it is declared in the present statute that in order to protect the public revenue it is expedient that similar powers to those conferred upon the Postmaster-General with respect to the exclusive privilege of conveying letters should be enacted with reference to the transmission of public telegraphic messages within the United Kingdom. Agreements have been made with certain Telegraph Companies to pay them £5,715,048 8s. 11d., and it is estimated that the amount which will be required for the other purposes of the recited Act and of the new Act will not exceed £300,000, besides £700,000 with railway companies. The chief object of the present Act is to give authority to the Commissioners of the Treasury to raise the funds which will be required to enable the Postmaster-General to carry into effect the arrangements. There are a few exceptions mentioned to the exclusive privilege of the Postmaster-General sending telegraphic messages, and he is also empowered to transmit foreign messages. The Treasury may raise sums not exceeding £7,000,000 for the purposes of the Act, either by terminable annuities or by the creation of Exchequer bills or bonds, and the moneys raised are to be placed at the disposal of the Postmaster-General under certain regulations. Annual accounts are to be laid before Parliament, as also the regulations made under the new Act. No deed or instrument executed by, to, or with the Postmaster-General is to be liable to stamp duty. Messages are to be deemed post letters, and the provisions of the Telegraph Acts of last year and the present year to be considered as "Post Office laws."

Just now there is the utmost activity in every town in laying the wires from the Telegraph Stations to the Post Offices. At Birmingham the excavators began their work last week, and New-street and Cannon-street have been "up" for some days for the purpose of laying pneumatic tubes from the Telegraph Offices to the Money-order Office in Cannon-street. It is this part of the work that we Illustrate on our front page—the excavators at work in New-street during the blinding snowstorm of Thursday afternoon. A few particulars of the change in the Telegraph system rendered necessary under the powers of the new Act may be interesting. All the apparatus hitherto and now in use at the Birmingham central Telegraph Offices of the various Companies will be concentrated at the Money-order Office in Cannon-street, which is being adapted to the new requirements. The majority of the Money-order Offices in Birmingham will be converted into Telegraph Offices, the wires being laid over the houses to the Central Station in Cannon-street. The office at the Exchange will be retained for the purpose of receiving messages from the public. Those despatches will be sent to Cannon-street through a pneumatic pipe which has been laid down this week. There will be at the Exchange a steam-engine for working the pumps in connexion with the apparatus. Pipes will also be used for carrying messages to Cannon-street from the Telegraph Offices at New-street Railway Station, and from an office to be opened at the chief Post Office, New-street, the message taking about ten seconds in its transit from the Exchange to Cannon-street.

The First of January, 1870, has been fixed upon as the date for the Telegraphic changes, but according to some of the journals the Post Office will not be in a position to take over the working of the whole of the Telegraphs on that day. This is denied, however, by a contemporary, which says the arrangements for the organization of the new staff, and for the transfer of the business, involving, as they have done, a very great amount of official labour, are so far advanced as to justify the opinion that the business will be taken over on the day named. It is possible, however, that in the case of one or two of the companies some little delay may occur, at the most not more than a few weeks. Temporary arrangements will, if necessary, be made with the existing companies to carry on the business under the control of the Postmaster-General. According to the *London Scotsman* the transfer of the Telegraphs to the Post Offices in Ireland is to be deferred for a year, it having been found impossible to complete the necessary arrangements in all the three kingdoms within the time previous to January 1. For twelve months the business in Ireland will therefore be conducted in the existing offices, but under the control of the Postmaster-General, to whose officers the revenue collected will be handed over.

At most towns, as we have said, the new arrangements are being rapidly carried out. Desks for writing telegrams are about to be placed in the lobby of the Cambridge Post Office, which will be enlarged for that purpose. The work of connecting the Telegraph wires with the Post Office at Huntingdon is being proceeded with; they will cross the Market-place from the summit of the Falcon Inn. The Post Office authorities have taken a house in Guildhall-street, Lincoln, for the purpose of converting it into a Telegraph Office. Preparations are being made for the impending change at Alford, Lincolnshire, posts being in course of erection between the Post Office and the Railway Station. The Stamford Town Council has granted permission for the erection of posts and wires from the Railway Station to the Post Office in St. Mary's-street, in that town. Mr. E. Yates has visited Boston for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements in that town. At Stourbridge there will be a Telegraph Station connected with the new wires proposed to be laid between Worcester and Shrewsbury.

The writer of the Money article in Monday's *Times* says the delay in the announcement of the intentions of the Government with regard to the loan to be raised for the purchase of the Telegraph system exercises, it is believed, some influence in increasing the dulness of Consols. The amount authorized to be created is £7,000,000, in the shape either of Consols, Terminable Annuities, or Exchequer Bills or Bonds; and until the uncertainty as to the mode and time of the transaction shall have been removed the dealers in the English market will doubtless limit their operations as much as possible.

The question of the Telegraphs and the Post Office has been fully discussed in the Press. *Engineering*, in a valuable article on the subject, which we regret we cannot find space for in its entirety, so clearly does it argue the questions at issue, says:—The universal employment of the Electric Telegraph has hitherto been, in a great measure, restricted by two causes: first the want of secrecy of the matter conveyed through the wires, and, secondly, the high rates charged for the conveyance. Every one who has made even an occasional use of the Telegraph must have felt an instinctive distaste at having the subject matter of his or her telegram read, and perhaps grinned at, by more than one operator—male or female. And it is sometimes imperatively necessary to transmit telegrams of a nature whose contents, in all delicacy, ought to be sacred to the persons corresponding. There are two ways in which it becomes possible to transmit strictly confidential communications through the Telegraph wires. The one is by means of some arbitrary cipher such as the cryptograph invented by Sir Charles Wheatstone; the other is by employing a code system in which every letter, word, and sentence has an arbitrary number assigned to it, such as the code invented by Major Bolton and Captain Barrow. Either of these systems alone effectually removes the objection to want of secrecy in Telegraphing; and the employment of both has been freely allowed by the Telegraph Companies, and will, we sincerely hope, be as freely allowed by the Post Office when it takes over the lines. It is with regard, however, to the question of economy more than to that of secrecy that attention has recently been very ably drawn by several of our contemporaries. The public has found out that the method of spelling through a message, letter by letter, and word by word, is not the most economical way of transmitting it. The employment of codes in army signalling and also in the naval service has long since sufficiently proved that, when once the difficulty of arranging a convenient code has been overcome, the use of it is simple and expeditious. If, for instance, a sentence of half a dozen words such as "At what price is wheat selling" can be expressed by the number 2146, then it is perfectly obvious that the number 2146 is the best, the shortest, and the cheapest way of asking at what price wheat is selling, provided the persons who are corresponding both understand it to mean the same thing. In the case of spelling through the sentence we have instanced, the transmitting clerk would have to work through twenty-five letters; in the case of the code number he would have to work through only four. He would have only a sixth part of the work to do; the lines would be occupied only a sixth part of the time in the business of transmission; and the apparatus would undergo only a sixth part of the wear and tear. Our contemporary goes on to argue that "if the public have to find the money to purchase the Telegraph service, they have an undoubted right to require that it shall henceforth be worked in such a way as will be calculated to promote the common interest," and pronounces in favour of the employment of a code system. The *Standard* is of opinion that "the Telegraph service should be a *time service*, those who pay for messages paying for the occupation of the wires, the use of the instruments, and the transmitting and receiving clerks' attention for so many seconds, or minutes, or hours, irrespective of the form or subject matter sent."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The mother of the late Bishop of Salisbury is dead. She was 88 years old.

Ripe strawberries were picked last week at Foulmire, Cambridgeshire.

A Salford policeman has been committed for trial for implication in a robbery at Bolton.

The *Echo* learns on good authority that Mr. Disraeli is not inclined to oppose the introduction of the Ballot.

Another batch of forty-four South London tradesmen have been fined at Newington Petty Sessions for false weights and measures.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the well-known Baptist preacher, is suffering from an attack of small-pox, and his engagements for this week were necessarily postponed.

The brother of Grace Darling, Mr. William Darling, who succeeded his father a few years ago as lighthouse-keeper on the Longstone Island, died on Saturday.

There is no very important news from Spain. The Bishop of Havannah has been arrested at Cadiz. A considerable sum of money for the Carlist chiefs was found in his possession.

The members of the Cabinet, after two or three meetings in Council, have again dispersed. The Lord Chancellor, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Goschen are the only ministers at present in London.

The Euston terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, at Euston-square, is to be enlarged and considerably improved. The works will commence about the latter end of this month.

The editor of the *Utah Reporter*, Corinne, Utah Territory, was beaten almost to death on the 2nd instant, at Brigham City; it is surmised on account of articles in his paper against polygamy.

Some idea of the enormous sums raised by the Corporation of London for city improvements may be gathered from the fact that within a few years nearly £400,000 sterling has been expended in this way.

On Saturday a gentleman who has been identified as Captain Forbes, of University-street, Tottenham-court-road, fell dead suddenly whilst inspecting the Peabody statue, near the Royal Exchange.

A Convocation was holden at Oxford on Saturday, for the purpose of affixing the University seal to the instrument of election of the Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury as Chancellor of the University.

The *Manchester Guardian* says it is reported that Mr. Edward Ellice has decided to remain a commoner. The same paper states that Lord Edward Howard will take his title from his estate near Manchester—Glossop.

A lunatic asylum in Ohio was burnt on the night of October 29, and ten raving maniacs, who were confined in an upper room, and who were forgotten in the excitement caused by the fire, perished in the flames.

An Order in Council in the *London Gazette* declares the resignation of Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and assigns to him the episcopal residence of Farnham Castle during his life. The resignation of the Bishop of Bath and Wells is similarly notified.

On the reporters on Tuesday last presenting themselves for admission to the Flint Town Council, they were informed by the Clerk that a resolution to the effect "That reporters be not admitted to our Council" had been carried.—*North Wales Chronicle*.

Mr. Alderman Blackburn was elected mayor of Leeds, but he declined to serve and tendered a cheque in payment of the £100 penalty. The town clerk, however, explained that his age exempted him without this payment, and the alderman then handed over the amount to the Infirmary.

An important intimation has been given by the Secretary of State with regard to the action of the Government in respect to turnpike trusts. It has been decided to introduce a general Act; consequently the trustees who have contemplated making application for new private Acts, or for renewal of old ones, will have to await the Government measure.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says the reports which have lately announced the abolition of adjutancies of battalions of militia are quite without foundation. It is by no means contemplated to reduce these important offices, although their duties may be somewhat extended. Every effort will, however, be made to prevent the sale and purchase of such offices.

On Thursday the whale which was stranded on the beach near Longniddry was sold by public auction at the instance of the Board of Trade. The fish was knocked down at £120 to Mr. Tait, oil merchant, Kirkcaldy. An endeavour will be made to tow the carcase across the Forth to Kirkcaldy, but considerable difficulty is anticipated in doing so.

A man named Martin Mackenna, fifty-four years of age, a labourer, was found dead in Bradford streets on Friday. At the inquest it was proved that a discretionary order for relief had been given by the guardians; but relief or admission to the workhouse was refused by Mr. Burniston, the relieving officer. Burniston has been committed to trial for manslaughter.

Thomas Moore, a lodging-house keeper, at Wicklow, has been remanded on a charge of using seditious language. The prisoner was heard hurrahing for the Fenians in the streets, and when taken to the lock-up he cried, "—— the Queen. I have been arrested as a Fenian, and that's what I am." A secret meeting of Fenians has been held near Gateshead. Three of the brotherhood who got tipsy were fined 5s. each.

On Friday her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, and attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Colonels the Hon. D. de Ros and Hardinge, left Windsor Castle to make a visit of condolence to the Countess of Derby, in St. James's-square. After visiting the Countess her Majesty proceeded to Paddington, and left town at 4.30 for Windsor Castle, which was reached shortly after five o'clock.

The Rev. Hawes Goodwin, Dean of Ely, was unanimously elected Bishop of Carlisle on Friday. The vacant Deanery of Ely has been offered to the Rev. Charles Merivale, B.D., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and Chaplain to the House of Commons.

The great Lobbia trial at Florence terminated on Monday. The tribunal condemned Major Lobbia to one year's military imprisonment; Signor Martinati to six month's ordinary imprisonment; and Signori Caregnato and Novelli to three months' imprisonment each. Signor Benelli was acquitted.

The melting of the snow in Durham and Yorkshire within the last two or three days has considerably flooded the rivers. The Tees it is stated has scarcely ever been known so high between Barnard Castle and Darlington. On Saturday night or Sunday a temporary bridge over the river, belonging to the Merrybent Railway, was carried off by the current. The Tyne, the Eden, and the Ribble have also been very high.

The fire at Whitstable, Kent, last week, burnt on the sea wall thirty-five stores, sixteen cottages, three lofts, two inns, one forge, one ship chandler's store and timber yard, one auction mart, and three shoemakers' shops; in Harbour-street, four dwelling-houses and shops, and three private dwelling-houses. No lives were lost by the fire, but an invalid died while being removed from a burning house to a place of safety. It is roughly estimated that the loss of property will be at least £13,000.

M. Rochefort is still alive. He was at a meeting on Sunday at the Folies, Belleville, and denied having any connection with the Orleanist party. Among other things, he said, "I have a son eight years old, who is not baptised and he never shall be." M. Rochefort then contradicted the report of the expressions he had made respecting M. Ledru Rollin. What he said was, that M. Rollin did not realise to himself the present state of public feeling, and had not taken a correct view of the position of affairs.

The insurrection in Dalmatia continues. Telegrams from Cattaro and Pisano, of November 15 and 16, say, with some few exceptions, the mountain villages of Castlenovo and Ubli have announced their surrender. Krivosche and Ledenice are still refractory. The last appeal to the insurgents to submit having proved ineffectual, the Imperial troops commenced marching forward on Tuesday in four columns against the district of Krivosche. The insurgents are partially retreating and partially being driven back by the advancing column.

Intelligence has been received of the total loss of the *Royal Standard* on a sand bank near St. Thomas, on the coast of Brazil. She left Gravesend on the 12th of August for Melbourne, under the command of Captain Clarke. Part of the crew were missing, and eight ladies (passengers) were known to have been drowned, while nothing whatever had been saved from the wreck. The ladies drowned were Mrs. Dummett and five daughters, Mrs. Lawrence, and Miss Stoddard. Captain Clarke, his wife and child, and twenty-one passengers and crew were taken off the wreck by a Brazilian brig.

An inquest was held at Charing-cross Hospital respecting the death of a plasterer named Bartlett, who had been employed at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Thursday evening, when leaving the theatre, he missed his way in the dark, and instead of going down the regular stone staircase he went on some stairs which are only used for taking up scenery, and fell down on the stone floor below, where he was found lying insensible by a scene-painter named David Garrick. He died the same night of concussion of the brain. The jury found that the deceased met with his death by an accidental fall through the negligence of some person or persons unknown.

On Sunday there was a very destructive fire at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, the residence of Viscount Bridport. Several engines attended. By noon the interior of the building was a mass of flames, confined within the shell formed by the massive walls. Such of the furniture and valuables as could be hastily rescued were got out; but the scenery from the private theatre at Windsor Castle, which was stored in the hall, was entirely consumed, as well as other property. The furniture, pictures, and valuables were placed well out of the vicinity of the conflagration; and Viscountess Bridport, the Hon. Misses Hood, Miss Seymour, and other ladies, actively occupied themselves in collecting these together, aided by the domestics of the lodge, and in preserving them from damage. Her Majesty the Queen, who is now at Windsor Castle, received an early intimation of the disastrous nature of the fire, and Colonel the Hon. de Ros left the palace at once for the lodge. Cumberland Lodge was called so from its having been the seat of William, Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George III. Being Crown property, the historical building which has just been destroyed was, of course, uninsured. The Queen left the Castle in the afternoon, and visited Lord and Lady Bridport at Cumberland Lodge.

The ship *Cuba*, of New York, Captain Price master, was wrecked outside the Victoria Breakwater, Holyhead, on Wednesday night. The apparatus was speedily brought to bear upon the wreck, and when on the point of firing the main and mizen masts were seen to go by the board. The crew were noticed clinging to the foremast, and a rocket, to which a line was attached, was immediately fired over this part of the vessel. However, whether the crew were too much frightened to let go their hold of the rigging, or did not understand the use they were to make of the line, they did not avail themselves of it. Mr. Rowe then sent a man to summon the crew of the lifeboat. Before this could be got to the scene of the wreck the vessel fell over on her side, and the men were precipitated into the water, and most of them were never seen again. Five of the crew, however, managed to get ashore—four on pieces of the wreck, and one with a life belt. The *Cuba* was a new vessel bound to Dublin with a cargo of grain. There are eight persons drowned—the captain, his wife, and two children being among the number. One of the survivors carried the captain's youngest child to within a few yards of the shore, but he then became so exhausted that he was compelled to abandon it. Three bodies have been recovered, viz., those of the captain, the second mate, and the carpenter.

In a letter addressed to Dr. Manning by the Pope, to explain that, though no place can be given in the approaching Council for any defence of errors that have been condemned, yet he does not wish to leave no way open to "non-Catholics" of making known the difficulties which keep them separated from the Catholic Church, his holiness says:—"So far are we the Vicar upon earth, although unworthily, of Him who came to save that which was lost, from repelling them in any way whatever that we even go forth to meet them, and nothing do we seek for with a more ardent wish than to be able to stretch out our arms with a father's love to any one who shall return to us. And never, certainly, have we wished to impose silence upon those who, misled by their education, and believing their opinions to be right, think that their dissent from us rests upon strong arguments which they would wish to be examined by wise and prudent men. For although this cannot be done in the Council, there will not be wanting learned divines, appointed by ourselves, to whom they may open their minds, and may with confidence make known the reasons of their own belief; so that even out of the contest of a discussion, undertaken solely with a desire of finding out the truth, they may receive a more abundant light to guide them to it."

A Dudley firm, Messrs. J. and J. Hyde, has invented and patented a new lamp, which is thus described.—The object of this lamp is to give timely warning to the miners at the approach of gas in the pit workings before a sufficient quantity can accumulate to cause an explosion, thereby sacrificing life and property. This invention is an ordinary oil lamp and guage similar to the Davy lamp, with the addition of a communication from inside the guage to an alarm bell. The guage is enclosed by a metal box, fitted with grid iron valves. The oil vessel is fitted with a stand, from which is suspended a strip of lead. This lead connects to a rod passing through the oil vessel, which is connected with the valves of a pair of links. When the lamp is set to work this strip of lead holds up the rod, with valves open, and so long as the pit is free from gas the lamp will continue to burn; but as soon as gas approaches the part of the pit where the lamp is set, the gas ignites and melts the lead, causing the rod to drop and close the valves, liberating the alarum, and extinguishing the light simultaneously. The lamp is put in a cage, and suspended to the highest point of the pit workings, where the gas first appears. The party was guided by Mr. Latham, and when a little fire-damp was found the lamp was hoisted into it three times. After a few seconds the lead melted; the valves closed upon the flame, shutting out the oxygen, the alarm bell rung for two minutes. The party considered the experiments thoroughly successful, and the lamp of great practical use.

There has been a terrible colliery disaster at the Moss Hall Colliery Company's No. 5 pit, near Wigan, by which 27 lives were sacrificed, and several others endangered. The explosion occurred shortly after four o'clock on Monday afternoon, and the first indication at the pit-bank was a report, followed immediately by the issuing from the No. 5 shaft of a dense cloud of smoke and coal-dust, which spread over the whole district. The residents in the long rows of colliers' cottages near the pit and the managers of the adjacent collieries immediately made their way to the colliery, to render what assistance was in their power. It was at first deemed advisable to rig up a pulley over No. 6 shaft, which could be worked by the upcast engines, and a stream of water was also sent into this shaft to improve the ventilation. However, by disconnecting the cage from the conducting rods it was found possible to proceed down the No. 5 in safety, and the new pulley was not needed for the purpose of exploration. The upper seams—the five and four feet—were soon examined, and tidings were sent to the surface that the explorers had been all round these workings, and had found two dead bodies, both lying near the four-feet mouthing, and both having apparently been killed by concussion. It now became certain that the catastrophe had taken place in the six-feet, wherein nearly thirty men and boys were employed; but, as four o'clock was the hour for "knocking off" work, and as several of the workmen had been wound to the surface, it was impossible to state positively how many were down. The search was renewed on Monday night and Tuesday, when the pit was reported to be on fire.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE EDUCATION LEAGUE.—There was a great gathering of Roman Catholics at Birmingham Town Hall on Monday evening, under the presidency of Bishop Ullathorne, to express their opinions upon the education question. The Bishop denounced the scheme of the Education League as godless. Of all victims of the League the Catholics would be the chief. At a meeting of the League there was enough reference to Catholics to show that their sentiments were contemptuously put aside as unworthy of consideration. The Bishop was enthusiastically cheered in denouncing every portion of the programme of the League. He maintained that the proposed schools would be the most sectarian of all schools, representing merely the religious minority, such as deists and secularists. The scheme would raise such a conflict between power and authority as had not been seen since it was felony and forfeiture of goods for a Catholic to be a school teacher, or to send his children to Catholic schools. In America, parents withdrew children from the corrupting influence of public schools. The Irish people demanded a denominational system. The Prussian system was practically denominational. Nowhere was a system like that of the League at work, and those approaching nearest to it were under sentence of condemnation from practical experience. Lord Edward Howard moved—"That education properly so called is inseparable from religion." He agreed on all points with the Bishop. The resolution was seconded by Canon O'Sullivan, and carried. Subsequent resolutions approved of the denominational system. Lord Denbigh expressed his concurrence with the previous speakers. He declared that nobody but a fool could think of educating mankind without definite dogmatic religious instruction. The secular system would produce clever devils. He would rather see children brought up in a false religion than taught to be indifferent.

THE GOSSIP.

A new reader is announced—Mr. Henry Holl.

Mr. F. Gye has secured a lease for twenty-one years of Her Majesty's Theatre.

A monument to the memory of Cherubini has been inaugurated at the Church of Santa Croce.

A new illustrated book by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is announced—"Cent. per Cent.; a Story written upon a Bill Stamp."

"The Graphic" is the title of a new illustrated paper to be started in London, under the editorship of Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is building himself a spacious house on the Surrey Hills, near Godalming. It will be surrounded by extensive grounds.

Hiram Powers, the well-known American sculptor, has nearly finished an "Eve," which some connoisseurs think the best thing he has yet done.

The *Musical Standard* says it is stated that Paganini sent 20,000f. as a present to the late composer, Berlioz, to console him after the failure of his *Benvenuto Cellini*.

Mr. Phelps was taken ill last week at Newcastle, when dressed for the performance; but has since recovered sufficiently to resume his successful tour in the provinces.

A Scotch clergyman, in his "Spiritual Biography of Burns," prefacing an edition of the poet's works, says "Shakespeare and Homer together could not supply the place of Burns."

Mr. John Hollingshead has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic gout, which has kept him a prisoner in his room. The latest accounts represent him as better, but still unable to attend to his managerial duties.

It is said that M. Meurice has just purchased for £1,000 the MS. of a novel by Victor Hugo, entitled "The Crime of the Second of December," and that the publisher of "*L'Homme qui Rit*" has declined to publish it.

One more successor to Adah Isaacs Menken has been found in a Mdlle. Lilian, who has appeared at Astley's as *Mazeppa*, and is nightly bound to the meek quadruped that does duty for "the fiery untamed steed" of the legend.

In the case of the *Patrie*, the banquet usually given when a play has reached its hundredth representation will, at the request of M. Sardou, be omitted, and the sum of a thousand francs will be divided among the workpeople engaged in the theatre.

Mr. Darwin's Work on Man is not likely to appear for some months. It will, we have reason to believe, be like his last book, not only interesting from its generalisations, but valuable from the vast mass of facts it will embody.—*Scientific Opinion*.

Mr. John Bruce, F.S.A., the eminent antiquary who has lately died, was a very hard-working writer. Besides editing several historical works, he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and was for some time editor of the old series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, the poet, is so unwell with cerebral symptoms that literary labour has had to be entirely suspended, and is not likely to be soon resumed. He has been more or less unfit for active work for some years past—a grievous misfortune to a professional man of letters.—*Athenæum*.

The *Globe* says there is some talk of three houses being open for Italian opera in 1870, Mr. Wood, the well-known *entrepreneur*, undertaking the management of one house. Should he do so, his company will be headed by Madlle. Nilsson. Mr. Mapleson is on the Continent looking for sopranos, but whether the ladies, if found, will appear at the Queen's Theatre or at Covent Garden must remain a mystery for some little time to come.

Upon the Byron controversy Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe publishes a card in the *New York Tribune* to-day (Nov. 2) as follows:—"A CARD.—MRS. STOWE AND THE LEIGH LETTERS.—Mrs. Stowe requests the public to suspend their judgment on the letters of Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh lately published in the *London Quarterly*, until they meet them in their proper historical connexion in her forthcoming volume.—New York, Nov. 1, 1869."

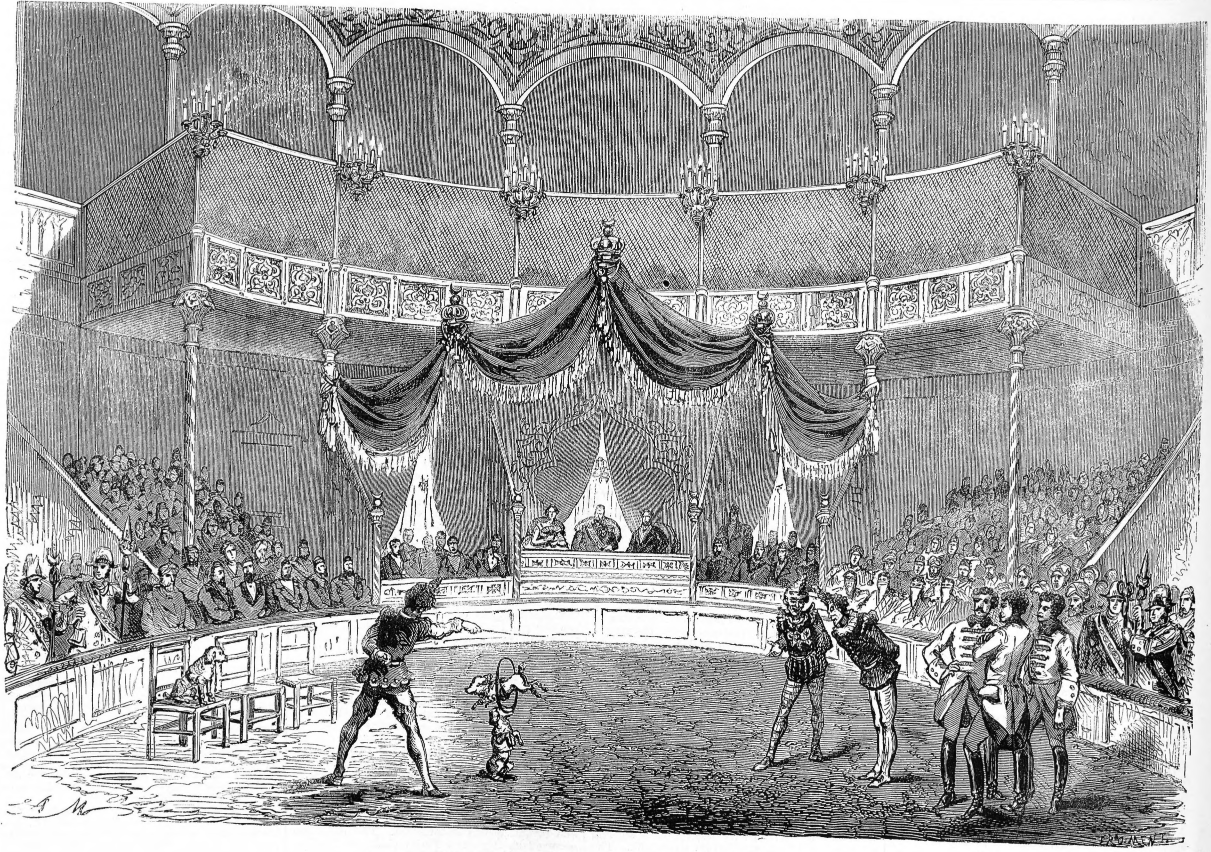
The *Kensington News* announces the death by a fall, on Thursday last, while on a visit to the Dean of Battle, of the Rev. William Harness, M.A., vicar of Prince's Gate. Mr. Harness was in his 82nd year, having graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1812. As a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, as an acquaintance of Byron, and as a pamphleteer (known best, perhaps, by the *nom de plume* of "Presbyter Anglicanus"), he took up a prominent position in the literary world. The deceased clergyman had long ceased to engage in active parochial duty.

The publishing firm of Hoffman and Campe have first bought from the widow of the poet, Heinrich Heine, all the MSS. in her possession, and committed the editing of them to Herr Strodtmann, the biographer of Heine. The poems, it is said, will cover about 200 pp. The gem of the collection is a dream of the sick-room, in which Heine, "hale and as red as a rose," meets his "second self," the sick Heine, in a wine house in Godesberg, and gives him a sound drubbing for insisting "Wir wären nur Eins wir beide," feeling every blow upon his own ribs, and finally awaking again to cataplasms and mixtures and the incidents of his bedridden life."—*Academy*.

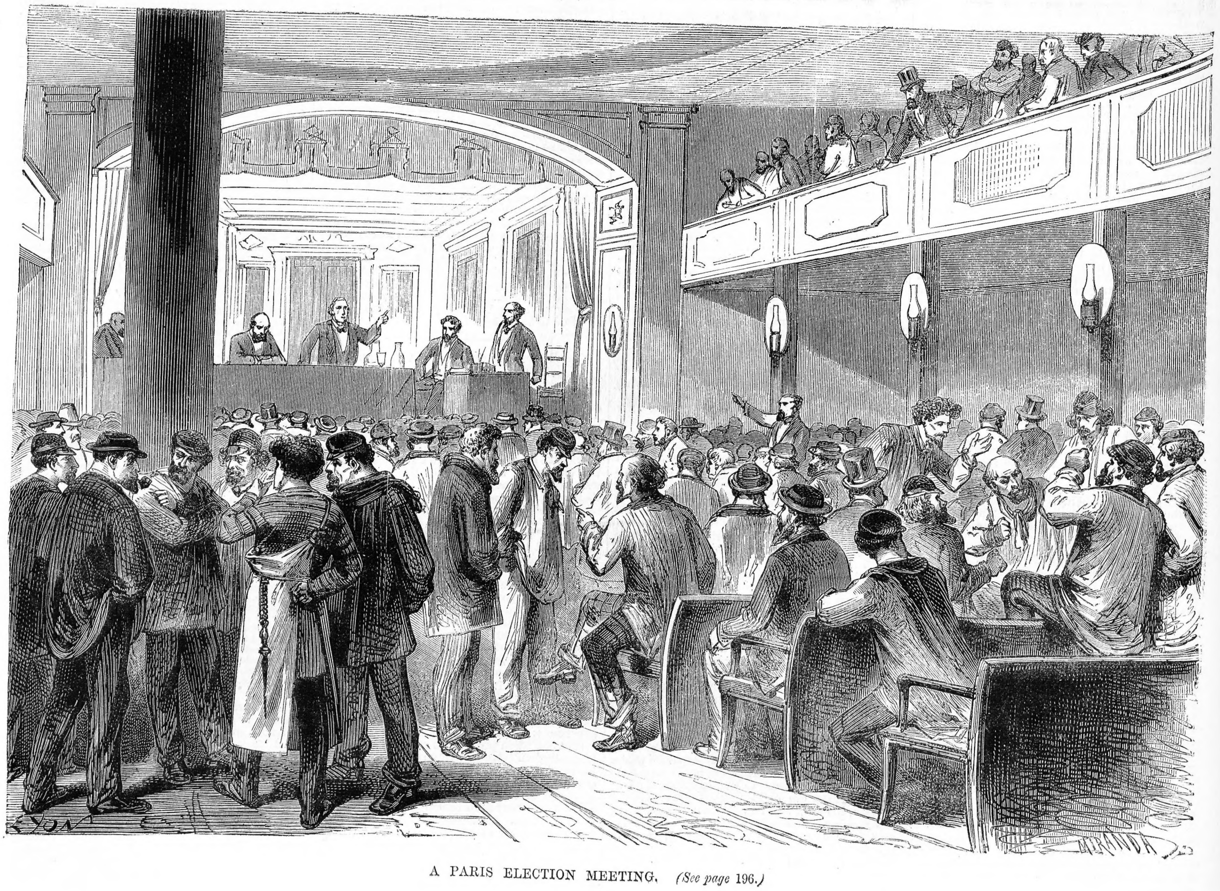
A correspondent of the *Athenæum* states that "respecting Bibles of the Carlovingian period, three MSS. are confounded; these are:—1. The Bible of St. Calisto at Rome, still in the possession of the monks of that convent. In this is a large drawing representing Charles the Bald. 2. The Bible bought by the trustees of the British Museum from M. Speyer-Passavant, perhaps written by Alcuin. 3. The Bible of the time of Charles the Bald, formerly in the Bibliotheque Imperiale at Paris, but now, I believe, in the Musée des Souverains at the Louvre. The convent of Prüm, though in the ancient kingdom of Lotharinga, was not in the modern Lorraine, but in the Eifel."

A poor widow [lady!] advertises that she is anxious to sell a magnificent harmonium with a fearful number of stops, mechanical appliances, etc., for £20—*worth* £10—(evidently a misprint for some much larger sum). We doubt the success of this lady's attempt, after this too candid statement, although it may be "a great bargain," and a thing for which she has "no further use."—A curious present has recently been sent to Mddle. Nilsson by Count Jean-George de Dubniki. It is a beautiful manuscript, written in Gothic letters of silver by one of the old bishops of the Goths. It formerly belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and was presented to her by Count Conismark after the taking of Prague.—In consequence of the absence of Arditi, the short opera season at Covent Garden will be conducted by Mariani and Vianesi, formerly conductors at Florence and St. Petersburg.—*Musical Standard*.

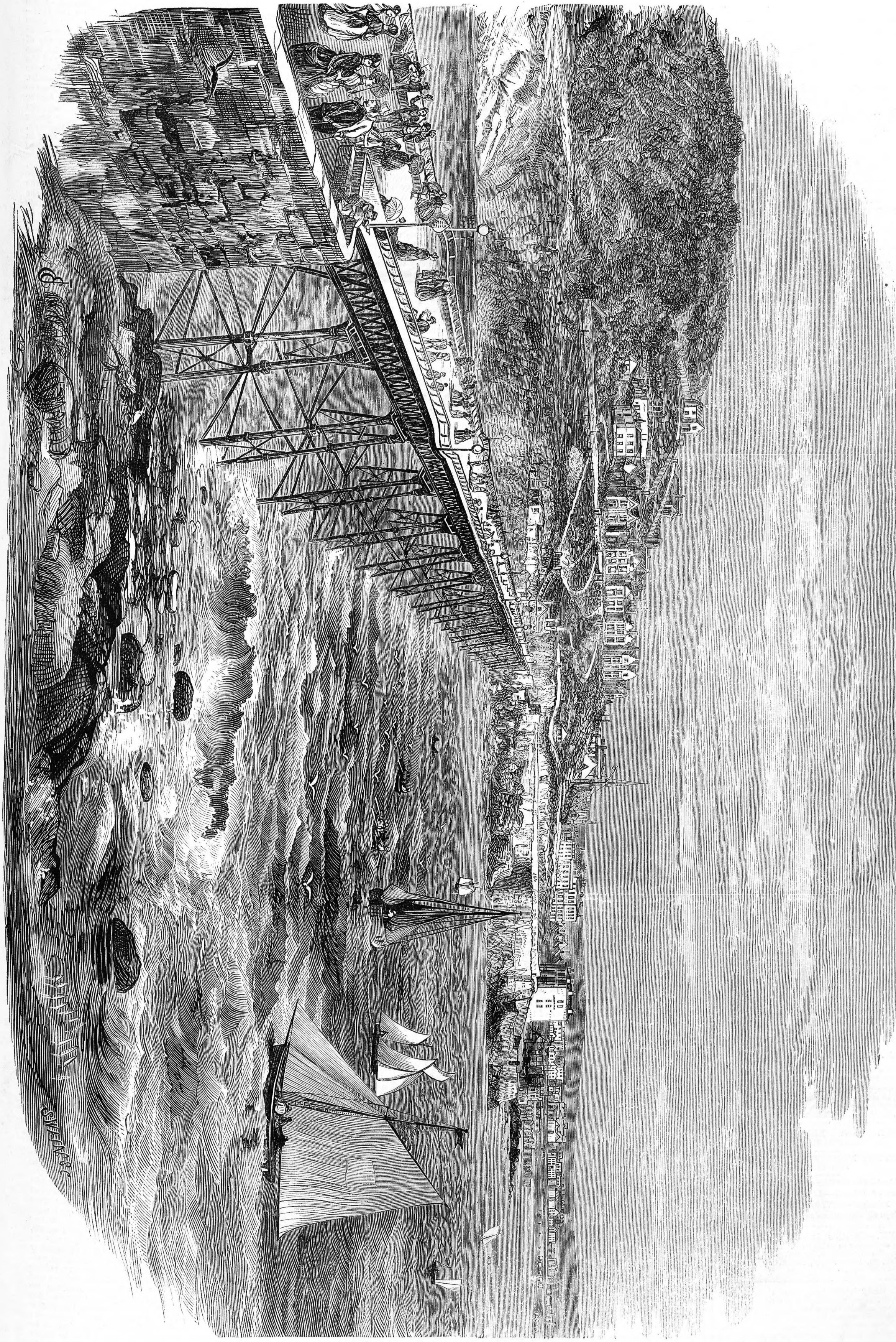
There was a gay wedding at Worcester on Tuesday. Mr. W. Stout, the famous amateur oarsman, and the youngest daughter of Mr. W. T. Adcock, of Sunnyside, were the happy couple. Amongst the guests who were present at the church (Holy Trinity) were Mr. A. C. Sherriff, M.P., Mr. James Virtue, of the *Art Journal*, several members of the London Rowing Club, Mr. S. M. Beale, Mr. Joseph Hatton, the Rev. F. J. Eld, &c., besides a party of ladies. This event marks the close of Mr. Stout's boating career. He was the amateur champion of every English river. Last year he held the Wingfield sculls, and he counted amongst his trophies champion cups won in France and China.



A CIRCUS PERFORMANCE IN CAIRO. *(See page 197.)*



A PARIS ELECTION MEETING. *(See page 196.)*



A WESTERN WATERING-PLACE: WESTON-SUPER-MARE. *(See page 190.)*

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God Bless the Prince of Wales. B. Richards.

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I WISH HE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND, MA.—Post free nineteen stamps. This little simple and easy ballad will be found quite a boon in the drawing-room by thousands of young ladies.—CHANTREY & Co., Publishers, Hanley, Staffordshire. [164

"A perfect ballad."—*Bath Chronicle.*

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Words by EDWARD LEGGE; Music by A. J. CALDICOTT.

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SAD BROWN LEAVES, a charming autumn ballad, post free for 16 stamps, also arranged as a vocal duet, 19 stamps. Exceedingly easy to play and sing, and must become very popular.—CHANTREY & Co., publishers, Hanley, Staffordshire. [165

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To whom all applications are to be addressed. [239

OXYGEN.—Barth's Invalid's Oxygenator has saved many valuable lives. May be had on hire with option of purchase, for 21s. per month.—G. Barth & Co., 26, Duke Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C. [206

W. T. BELCHER, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Fell. Coll. Org., Professor of the Organ, Pianoforte, Singing, and the Theory of Music, 3, Hampstead Road, and at 23, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [24

COLLETT AND COMPANY'S TEAS are the Best—16, CARR'S LANE, BIRMINGHAM. [20

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Agent for the Continent—M. Mellier, 17, Rue Séguier, Paris.

⁂ Several correspondents complain that they cannot get our paper at Euston Square Station and some other distant places. We endeavour to meet these difficulties as they arise. We would suggest to our correspondents that a quarterly subscription of 4s. 6d. will secure to them a copy regularly posted on Friday night.

The Illustrated Midland News

BIRMINGHAM, NOV. 20, 1869.

A MISAPPREHENSION that appears to have got abroad respecting the Erdington Orphanage has been corrected by Mr. Josiah Mason in a contemporary. Mr. Mason having been asked whether Roman Catholics are excluded from all participation in the benefits of his charity, has replied that "religious belief constitutes no ground of exclusion in any case." All the qualification needed is that children should be orphans of parents legally married. What their creed may be, or whether they are of any professed religion at all, is not enquired of the Orphans who are so fortunate as to be admitted into the Institution, which has already justly made the name of its charitable founder famous.

FEW large towns are exempt from the "Rough" element—Birmingham certainly is not. That undesirable class is indeed so numerous in the Midland Metropolis that the Chief of the Police says he is powerless to stop the outrages of which the "Roughs" are occasionally guilty. The matter was before the Birmingham Watch Committee on Thursday, when the Police Superintendent confessed that, with his present force, he is quite unable to quell the disturbances caused by the class referred to. The discussion arose thus:—

> A memorial, signed by about thirty burgesses, complaining of outrages committed by "roughs" in Summer-lane, was read. Two instances were given—in the one a glazier had nearly the whole of his glass broken, and in the other a bailiff was prevented by violence from levying a distraint. Several members remarked upon the disorderly conduct of children, youths, and men, in other thoroughfares in the borough, New-street included.—Replying to the observations, the Chief Constable said that constables were powerless to apprehend children for simply playing in the streets. There was no other place for them to trundle their hoops and spin their tops, and if a policeman interfered he was immediately charged with unnecessarily interfering with innocent amusement. Besides, if they summoned anyone, the magistrates would not convict, and the police then got laughed at. Some offence known to the law must be charged in order to get a conviction. Stone-throwing was an offence, but then it was necessary that the policeman should be a witness of the act. It was impossible in a town with a rough population like that of Birmingham to have the order and good behaviour which existed in an aristocratic place like Leamington.

Mr. Chamberlain thereupon contended that the augmentation of the police force was a question to be considered; and we are quite of that gentleman's opinion. It would be monstrous to be compelled to admit that in one of the chief towns of England the "Roughs" are to have their own way because an army of policemen is not strong enough to cope with them without a most rigid magisterial belief in every member of the force.

NEVER was the question of Education more in men's mouths than at this present time. Scarcely a meeting, convivial or otherwise, is held at which the subject is not referred to. Mr. Dixon, M.P., is one of the Apostles of the movement, and spoke upon the matter at Bristol last week. On Monday night between four and five thousand Roman Catholics met at the Town Hall, Birmingham, to interchange their opinions on the same subject, when Dr. Ullathorne denounced the object the National Education League have in view as "an unchristian contrivance," and Lord Edward Howard spoke in favour of the necessity of maintaining Catholic denominational education. There was some lively speechmaking, the Earl of Denbigh being in great "form," and contending that to instruct a man's intelligence and not inform his conscience *pari passu* would result in making him an "intelligent devil;" which felicitous (or infelicitous) phrase his lordship quoted from a saying of the late Duke of Wellington, amidst "laughter and applause." The meeting objected to hear a gentleman named Rafferty, who appears to have been in favour of a compulsory and secular system of national education. Was not this rather intolerant?

A WESTERN WATERING PLACE.

An irregularly-built, straggling group of houses, of all descriptions of architecture, forming the town; handsome, comfortable-looking, mansiony edifices on a hill—looking down, as it were, upon their neighbours below; for the background a fringe of green; a quarry or two, whose bright yellow gravel contrasts strikingly with the coppice; a grand sweep of sands along the shore; and, before you—the Sea! Rather brown-coloured, chocolate-looking water, if you will, but still the sea, "the fresh, the fair, the ever free," &c.

This is Weston—Weston-super-Mare, with, if you please, the Latin pronunciation of "maré;" not as though the word were the feminine of horse, as I have heard some call it.

If you are hesitating where to go at any time in the holiday season—if you have been to Aberystwith, done Brighton, visited Matlock, stayed at Ryde, perambulated Torquay, bathed at Rhyl, strolled on Weymouth sands, explored Exmouth, or flirted at Scarborough, I should, if I may so far presume to do so, advise you to pack up your traps for Weston-super-Mare, which you may rely upon liking. If you live at Birmingham, you have only to take the first Midland train in the morning, and you may lunch at Weston early in the afternoon, having, *en route*, caught more than a glimpse of the great salt works at Droitwich, Sir John Pakington's fine old mansion at Westwood, close by the little borough which the right hon. baronet represents in Parliament; seen something of the cathedral city of Worcester, famous, as everybody knows, for its Battle, its porcelain, its sauce, and its pickles, to say nothing of the noble church that Cromwell treated so badly; made the acquaintance of Bristol, with its old memories of the past; had a suggestion of quiet Clevedon from its junction station on the main line of the Bristol and Exeter Railway; passed Banwell, and found yourself in the heart of the smiling Somersetshire country; having, by rare chance, escaped the horrors of Weston junction, the platform of which, on a wet night, "when the wind blows in from sea," is about as wretched a place as you can conceive. From the junction you get a tolerably good idea of the size of the little town on the coast that has made such marvellous progress in the last half-century—that has become so fashionable within the last ten years that larger and longer established watering-places must look to their laurels.

I could tell you a great deal that might be considered worth the knowing concerning the early history of Weston (I have a guide-book at my elbow in which are set forth all the historical local memoranda that could be collected, printed in fair type, on rather yellow paper, with the imprint of the late Mr. Whereat attached to it); but I spare the reader such a *resumé*, for I have no desire to delve in the literary gardens of other men. Purchase, if you would know all about the physical characteristics of the town—its botany, conchology, and geology; its climate, soil, *immunity from fog*, and "the great amount of therapeutic agency which it supplies"—purchase, I say, "Whereat's New Handbook," or the far superior one written by Mr. Brown, a clever Cardiff journalist, who chats pleasantly and learnedly of Weston and its lions, for he knows them every one. All the present writer has to do is to point out, as he best may, what a pleasant place Weston is for a holiday.

I am inclined to think that the best months for a visit to Weston are July and August—the latter part of one, the beginning of the other month; for it is at such times you see more character and life than anywhen else. Then it is that, so soon as Aurora has tipped the east with red and gold, you discern the bathing-men and bathing-women hurrying down the beach to the great white "machines" that line the shore, and whispering, no doubt, softly to themselves the fervent wish that everybody would "come unto those yellow sands" upon which they depend for their existence. Seven o'clock shall not have struck from the Parish Church clock (and O, the hideous character of the P. C.!) ere the esplanade and the sands become thronged by Paterfamilias', in loose morning jacket, white hat of the kind "bowler," with white handkerchief gaily pinned around it, and fluttering in the health-restoring breeze; the lady of the family in a garment of some light, gossamery texture, also in a hat, and occasionally, per Neptune! with a white handkerchief flying from *her* head-covering; and the children——. But who shall describe the vagaries, the pranks, the walking and running, and the general madcappedness of these "hostages to fortune?" Not I, the scribe, with my modest quill; nor you, my dear sir, with the gold-nibbed pen; the task baffles the in other respects un-ready writer, and he gives it up despairingly. The children appear to me to be nowhere so wild as at Weston. What is the cause of this abnormal condition of liveliness? I suspect it is the ozone about which the doctors talk so much and so wisely. No matter what: there it is, a great fact, and I defy anyone to show you a jollier sight (no other adjective would be half so appropriate, though perhaps a less vulgar one might be found) than the sands at Weston-super-Mare on a summer morning, when the sun gilds the incoming waves that are dashing over the girls with their back hair down, who look like naiads, but who laugh like real English maidens as they are; and when you can hear nothing but excited feminine tongues, babbling not of green fields, as did Falstaff, but of "awfully jolly dips," and machines, and getting up appetites for breakfast.

Yonder is Brean Down, where they are making the fortifications, and where Sir Eardley Wilmot's dock and harbour scheme will, I hope, soon be begun; there, more to the right, is the Steep Holm, tenanted by the industrious fishing-family of the Harris's, who supply many of the Welsh, and not a few of the Midland towns, with cod and whiting and flat-fish, and who live a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence on that desolate Holm, which I need not tell you, the lettered reader, is the Saxon term for Island. Farther away, and nearer the coast of Wales, is the Flat Holm, where the lighthouse gleams in the morning sun; and more to the right you may see the tall-masted ships of all nations in Cardiff port. The Bristol Channel is spread out before you; the beach is crowded with bathers; and the white houses, with their green background, make up such a picture as some day may be reproduced in this Journal as a fitting accompaniment to the Illustration which is given in our paper to-day.

There is an abundance of lodging-house accommodation on the Beach and on the Hill—the two prettiest parts of the town—and there needs to be, for in the season the visitors are as thick as a shoal of herrings or a swarm of mackerel, and there is a race to get the best apartments. A suite of rooms in either of the localities mentioned may be had at a moderate rate of remuneration in the summer months, whilst rooms are decidedly cheap in the winter,—not at all a bad time for visiting Weston, by the way, for the air is particularly soft and beneficial to invalids. But for myself, I infinitely prefer the liberty you enjoy at an hotel—say Rogers's, where, united to the advantages of residing in a splendid building, containing an immense number of rooms, you live excellently, have the best waiting that I have experienced at hotels, and are not overcharged. You find a sociable set of people in the coffee-room, looking over the croquet-ground upon the sea; and "William," the pink of polite attendants, anticipates your wants and allays the cravings of hungry visitors as assiduously as though you were the Heir-Apparent to the throne of England, or that royal personage's brother, Prince Alfred, whose name certain Westonians will doubtless remember to their dying day as having caused them some little bewilderment on the memorable occasion of his Royal Highness's flying visit! There are two or three other capital hotels. At the "Railway," close to the new Station, you will get every accommodation that may be required, and hear the affairs of the town discussed by most of the representative men. An hotel recently opened by Mr. Kirkbride, chiefly for "commercials," I believe, is also well spoken of.

Until very lately Weston had no pier; now, however, as will be seen by our engraving (in which the artist has been assisted by Mr. Elwell's beautiful sun-pictures), the sea at Birnbeck is spanned by a beautiful structure, the graceful proportions of which are highly creditable to the constructors. The new pier cost upwards of £20,000. In the summer it is much resorted to, and on Sunday evenings (let us hope the good Archdeacon will skip the paragraph) in particular; for then the pier is thronged to listen to the performance of sacred music by one of the bands that enliven the place, and the scene approaches that sketched by our artist. If you want the cobwebs blown off you, and are not afraid of a nor'-easter, walk to the end of the pier on a winter day; you will get everything you can desire in the shape of a blowing, and go home with such an appetite as only a run with the local harriers will give you besides.

Social life at Weston, written by one who has had opportunities of studying it, would make an agreeable, interesting sketch. The residents have an amount of *elan* in them that is amusing to observe, and there are so many "worthies," both living as well as "gone before," that one would be puzzled where to draw the line. Dr. Fox, the celebrated physician, of Brislington, spent £25,000 in erecting the buildings at Knightstone Baths, a popular place of resort at present. The Lord of the Manor, John Hugh Smyth Pigott, Esq., whose house, "Villa Marina," and beautiful gardens are depicted in our Illustration, is the son of a gentleman who greatly assisted in making Weston what she is. Everybody in Somersetshire has heard of the benefactions of the Pigott family, and everybody has a kindly word to say of the descendant of the late Lord of the Manor, whose charming little son has just been offered and has accepted the position of Master of the Harriers. Archdeacon Law, now Dean of Gloucester, formerly resided here, and was succeeded by Archdeacon Browne, an excellent rector and a well-known scholar. The Earl of Cavan has a residence close to Weston, and the neighbourhood abounds with picturesque seats. One of the most active magistrates in the town is Mr. R. A. Kinglake (brother to the historian of the Crimean War), who has helped on almost every local philanthropic work, and who, with Mr. William Smith as the indefatigable honorary secretary, has been a warm supporter of the Dispensary. Mr. R. L. Jones, the manager of the Pigott estates, has both spoken and written well upon local schemes, many of which, from the position he holds in the town, have received his fostering and kindly aid. Weston boasts one manufacture of note—the Potteries of Mr. Charles Phillips and Mr. Willcocks, in the Locking-road, both of which may at some future time, form subjects for illustration and description in these columns. Nor is the little town by the sea unknown in the Art-world. Charles Summers is one of Weston's most famous sons. As a sculptor he studied in this country, and then went out to Australia, where he is at the head of his profession. His brother, Joseph Summers, who has also cast his fortunes in the adopted land of his brother, is well known as a composer and a musician of considerable talent; and before closing this brief sketch let me not forget to note that the printing press was introduced at Weston by James Dare, editor and proprietor of the *Weston Mercury*, the first newspaper ever started in the town, and whose first numbers are very valuable as showing how journalistic literature has developed itself.

The Wolverhampton magistrates have had a singular case before them—Francis Love being charged with stealing £105 from Mary Plant, with whom he cohabited. At the adjourned hearing on Tuesday, Mr. Thurstans, who prosecuted (Mr. Robinson, of Eccleshall, defending), stated the case, narrating, in addition to the facts which transpired in the evidence of the prosecutrix, that she had money in her own right in the Stone Bank; and that it was a portion of that money which the prosecutrix had just drawn out that the prisoner was charged with stealing. Love took the money from a drawer in their sleeping room, and with it a gold watch, also belonging to the prosecutrix, at between six and seven on the morning of the 12th of October last. Mrs. Plant saw the offence committed, and told the prisoner that she would send for a policeman. Love then absconded with the money and the watch. After he had been to America he was arrested in Wolverhampton, on the 12th inst. After a conversation between the Bench and the advocates, the prisoner was discharged; Mr. Thurstans stating that he should make an application on another day for a warrant against Love for stealing money which was the property of th[illegible] the prosecutrix.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Prince of Wales has postponed his intended visit to the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, at Woodnorton, Evesham, on account of the serious and regretted indisposition of the Duchess. The Prince of Wales is expected to visit the Earl and Countess De Grey, at Studley Royal, near Ripon, early in the ensuing month.

A strike amongst the chainmakers at Walsall has been averted, by the employers making the advance asked by the men.

The directors of the Midland Railway intend to make a station with a coal siding at Northfield. This will be a great convenience to the neighbourhood.

The new Earl of Derby has acknowledged with very sincere thanks an address of condolence sent to his lordship by the Birmingham Liberal-Conservative Association.

At the Anchor Society's dinner at Bristol, on the anniversary of the birthday of Edward Colston, the philanthropist, Mr. Dixon, M.P., was present, and spoke on the subject of education.

We understand that the Dean and Chapter of Worcester have it in contemplation to elect an additional Minor Canon, and that the Rev. Arthur Robinson is likely to be selected for the appointment.—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

According to the *Church Herald*, the prelates who are expected and are ready to consecrate Dr. Temple, are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop-Designate of Winchester, the Bishop of St. David's, and the Bishop of Worcester.

It is rumoured in Oxford that the Marquis of Bute is negotiating with the Clarendon Hotel (better known as the Star Inn) for the purpose of building on this eligible site a Roman Catholic cathedral, the present chapel not being sufficiently large.—*The Architect.*

An inquest was held on Monday at Birmingham, on the body of Thomas Wichett, a boy who had died at the workhouse on the previous Thursday. Exaggerated rumours were afloat concerning the cause of death; but the jury found that the boy died from congestion of the brain resulting from diphtheria.

Sixteen Nonconformist ministers of Nottingham have signed and published a declaration against bribery, and "entreat their fellow-townsmen of all parties to have nothing to do with bribery, treating, or other unlawful electioneering practices, but rather to frown upon and endeavour by all lawful means to put them down."

On Friday, in the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Giffard, on behalf of Sir R. Peel, obtained a rule calling upon the petitioners to show cause why the Master should not review the taxation of the costs. The complaint was the disallowance of the costs of preliminary inquiries and the reduction in the fees paid to counsel.

At the meeting of the Wolverhampton Board of Guardians on Friday the Governor read a letter from Mrs. Stephens, secretary to the Nursing Association, asking that a nurse from that association might attend the workhouse gratuitously to learn nursing in midwifery cases. It being the opinion that the application could not be granted without entailing interference with the discipline of the house, it was decided not to entertain it.

The Rev. S. A. Walker, rector of St. Mary-le-port, has been lecturing at Worcester, on "Nuns and Nunneries." According to the local papers, the rev. lecturer illustrated the latter part of his subject by putting on one of the hair shirts studded with small spikes, and exhibited to the audience a scourge, resembling a cat-of-nine-tails, with which, he stated, the over-pious recluse administered to himself or herself a disciplinary lesson. It is not stated how Mr. Walker obtained these "curiosities."

A singular accident happened on the Great Western Railway on Monday to the 8-45 a.m. express train from Snow Hill to Chester. The train was going at the rate of 40 miles an hour when, near Shiffnal station, the connecting-rods on each side of the engine broke. One rod revolved with great rapidity, and alarmed the passengers by the great quantity of stones and gravel it threw into the carriages. The train was stopped before it got to Shiffnal, and was only delayed fifteen minutes.

A miners' conference, which had been adjourned from Brierley Hill on the 18th of October, was held at Oldbury on Monday. The men were in favour of an advance of wages on and after the 27th instant; against the practice of "hob-nobbing;" and for a better ventilation of mines. A meeting of miners was held at Tipton the same evening, to discuss the question of wages. It was resolved not to accept the proffered advance in wages of threepence per day, but to demand the sixpence, and to give immediate notice to that effect.

The death is announced of Harriet Windsor Clive, Baroness Windsor. She was born on the 30th of June, 1727, and was declared by letters patent in 1854 to be entitled to the title as one of the co-heiresses of the late peer, who was also sixth Earl of Plymouth, now extinct. Her ladyship was married in 1819, to the late Hon. Robert Henry Clive, M.P., who died in 1854. The eldest surviving son is the Hon. George Herbert Clive, Captain in the Coldstream Guards, many years M.P. for Ludlow, but her ladyship's heir is her grandson, the Hon. Robert George Clive. The Baroness Windsor owned considerable property in Worcestershire, and was deservedly esteemed for her benevolence.

Mdlle. Nilsson, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other eminent artistes, appeared at two concerts at the Birmingham Town Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Selections from "The Creation" and "The Messiah" formed the principal parts of the programme, which included a scena from Ambroise Thomas's opera "Hamlet," &c. Mdlle. Nilsson had a most gratifying reception, and achieved a splendid success in her rendering of the scene from the new opera; and Mr. Sims Reeves was never in better voice nor better temper, for receiving the inevitable encore for Blumenthal's pretty "Message" song, Mr. Reeves responded with "Come into the garden, Maud." The musical public have to thank Mr. Harrison for this perfect entertainment.

A large stock of barley on the farm of Mr. T. Porter, Breadsall, near Derby, was set fire to on Saturday night. The damage is between £40 and £50, which is covered by insurance. The incendiary is Herbert Walker, who had been discharged by Mr. Porter for misconduct.

The number of residents in Cambridge University is now 2,170, as compared with 2,153 in November, 1868. The number of matriculations this autumn has been 529, as compared with 558 at Michaelmas, 1868. The number of residents in each College is now as follows:—Trinity, 559; St. John's, 77; Corpus Christi, 151; Caius, 126: Trinity Hall, 119; Christ's, 114; Jesus, 104; Emmanuel, 100; Clare, 75; Sidney, 71; Queen's, 62; Magdalene, 62; Pembroke, 56; St. Peter's, 55; St. Catharine's, 53; King's, 42; Downing, 38; *non-ascripti*, 6—total 2,170.

Viscount Canterbury died on Saturday morning, at his town residence. The late Viscount, Charles John Manners-Sutton, was the eldest son of the Right Hon. Charles Manners-Sutton, who was created Viscount Canterbury and Baron Battisford in March, 1835, after his defeat in the House of Commons, by Mr. Abercromby, for the Speakership—a post he had previously filled with the greatest ability and impartiality from 1817 to 1834. His mother was Charlotte, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Denison, of Ossington Hall, Notts, and half-sister of the present Speaker of the House of Commons. His lordship was born April 17, 1812, and succeeded to the Viscountcy, on the death of his father in 1845. His lordship, who was unmarried, is succeeded in the family honours by his only brother, the Hon. Sir John H. T. Manners-Sutton, K.C.B., Governor of Victoria.

An inquest has been held at Lincoln College, Oxford, respecting the death of Mr. Herbert Hildyard Clarke, commoner of that college, who died on Tuesday under the influence of chloroform, which was administered to him by his own desire previous to undergoing a painful surgical operation. The operation was successfully performed, and soon afterwards the pulse suddenly subsided, and in a short time the patient died. It was stated that he had taken chloroform before, and the medical witnesses expressed their opinion that the chloroform had been administered in a proper manner. By the jury's desire, however, a post-mortem examination was made, and the surgeon who made it stated that, in his opinion, death was caused by the action of chloroform upon a weak heart. The jury found a verdict to this effect, and added that the chloroform appeared to have been administered with due care and skill. Mr. Clarke was only nineteen years of age, and was a healthy-looking young man. His father is in India.

Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, has addressed a pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese, in the course of which he says that her Majesty's Government has signified to him its readiness to comply with his request for a suffragan bishop of the diocese. In the letter the Bishop says: "The diocese of Lincoln is the most extensive of all the dioceses of England but one, and it contains about 1,000 clergy; and, in the words of my revered predecessor, 'If a Bishop of Lincoln desired to visit all the parishes in the diocese, and to spend a Sunday in each, it would take him fifteen years to make the circuit.' Consequently, at our lay conference held at Lincoln, on Thursday, July 29th, it was unanimously agreed that, in default of the subdivision of the diocese, it was desirable that a suffragan should be appointed. I hope it may be distinctly understood that I do not regard the appointment of a suffragan as a measure equally beneficial with the division of this diocese and the erection of an independent see for the county of Nottingham." In a postscript, Dr. Wordsworth briefly calls attention tc the forthcoming Œcumenical Council.

Last week a shocking occurrence took place at Tetsworth, near Thame, in Oxfordshire. A woman named Hyde, the wife of a shoemaker, killed one of her children—a boy of about three years of age—by nearly cutting his head off with a razor, and then endeavoured to destroy herself, first by attempting to cut her own throat, and afterwards by trying to strangle herself with some pieces of twine. The woman had previously shut another child, a girl older than the boy, in the next room, and this girl, through a crack in the door, saw her brother murdered, and her mother's attempted suicide. The child afterwards managed to get out of the house, and told a neighbour what had occurred. When help arrived the unfortunate woman was found to be black in the face, and almost dead from strangulation. At the inquest it appeared that she and her husband had been quarrelling the night before, and that Hyde had accused his wife of infidelity to him. Hyde said he believed he had grounds for the charge, but admitted that he had frequently deserted his wife, and left her without money for the support of herself and children. The jury found a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Mrs. Hyde.

Early on Saturday morning a poaching affray took place on Lord Vernon's estate, near Sudbury, Derbyshire, between poachers and his lordship's gamekeepers. About three o'clock a.m., as James Ling, Edward Kent, and Joshua Watkins, his lordship's gamekeepers, were on their rounds, they met with a gang of poachers at a place called the "Gorse Cover," in the parish of Sudbury. The nets of the poachers were set, and they were in full work. The moment they found themselves discovered they commenced a very violent attack upon the keepers, and resolutely followed it up by conduct which was alike brutal and cowardly. So sudden was the onslaught that the keepers were taken by surprise, as no sooner were they seen than Ling, the head keeper, was knocked down by a large stone. While lying on the ground he was beaten and kicked in an exceedingly brutal manner. One of his arms was broken by either a blow from a bludgeon or a kick, and he was very seriously injured on other parts of the body. Watkins was struck on the mouth by a large stone, which cut his face very severely, and knocked out several of his teeth. One of his fingers was also broken, and he was otherwise illused. Kent was also very badly beaten. On information being received at the county police office, Derby, the Chief Constable and Inspector Davis at once went to Sudbury, to make investigations, and measures were forthwith taken for the discovery of the men.

The incumbency of Marston Chapel, Hall Green, near Birmingham, worth £175. per annum, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. W. Harte, has been presented by the trustees of the chapel to the Rev. Richard Jones, M.A., late of St. Mark's, Bethnall Green, London.

A few days ago (says the *Nottingham Guardian*) there died at Leicester a man sixty-six years of age, said to be a natural son of George the Fourth. In the locality he was jocularly styled King John the Second, but ordinarily he bore the ignoble patronymic of Briggs. His mother, Martha Briggs, was, at the time of his birth, a serving-maid at Belvoir Castle, the residence of the Duke of Rutland, where the then Prince Regent was a frequent visitor.

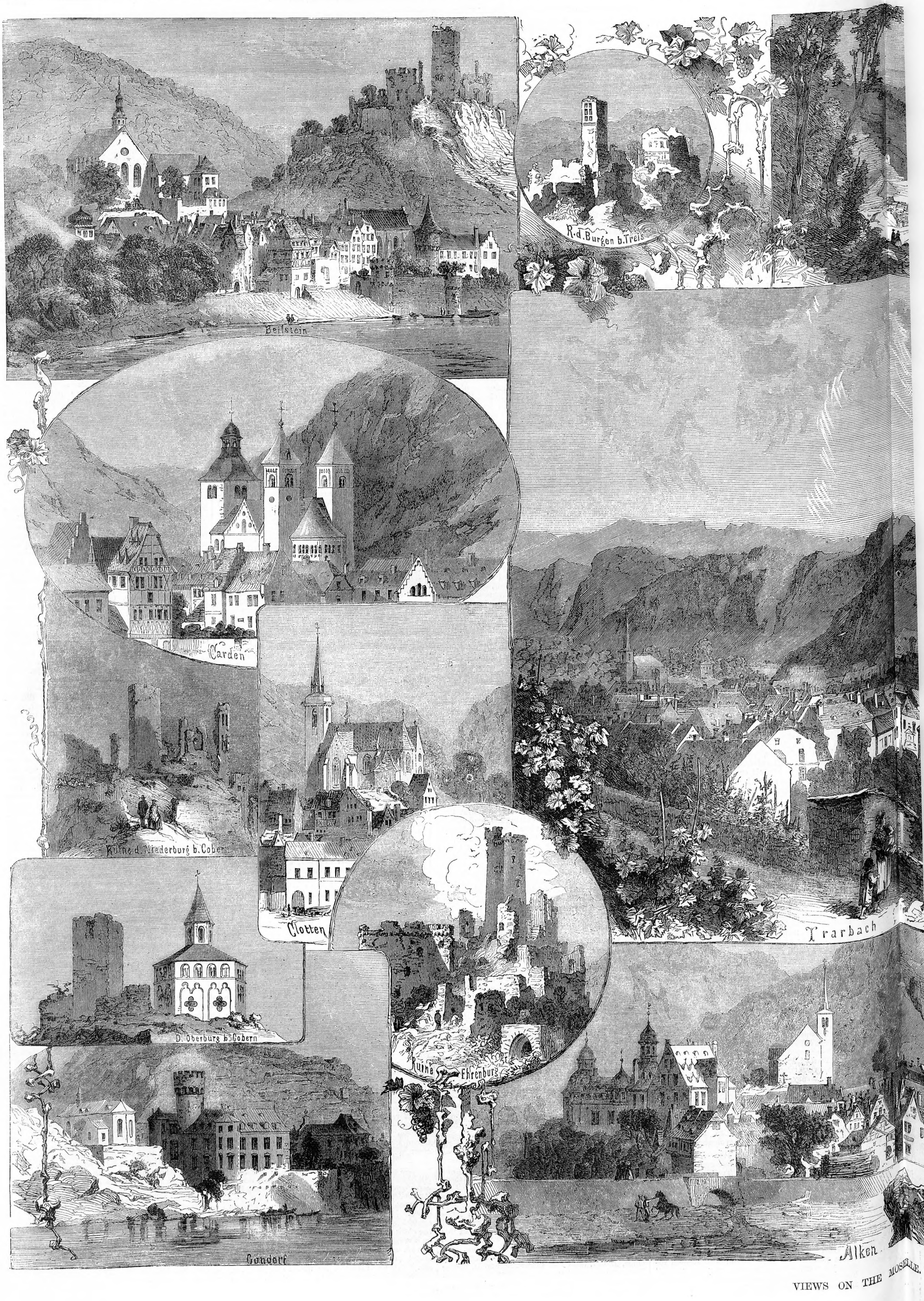
The eighth or easternmost window in the south aisle of Gloucester Cathedral has been filled with stained glass in memory of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Harry Darell, Bart. The glass contains two rows of bold figures, with tracery over. The tracery is filled with figures of angels, the angel in the top light holding a scroll bearing the aspiration "Glory to God." In the upper lights are the four Evangelists, with their symbols. In the lower tier are the figures of St. Stephen, Cornelius, the Centurion—with his hands clasped in supplication,—and St. Peter. The work is characterised by great boldness. Mr. Rogers, of Worcester, is the artist. This is the second window presented to the Cathedral by the Rev. Sir Lionel Darell, of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire.

Great local interest was excited in a case of criminal assault which came before the Leamington magistrates on Friday. The defendant, Daniel Brooks, is an hydropathic practitioner, living in Victoria-terrace, Leamington, where his wife keeps a baby linen warehouse. The complainant, who is about 20 years of age, and whose name is Sarah Ann Lavender, lives at 95, Belmont-row, Birmingham, and until recently was engaged as an assistant in the shop of the defendant's wife. According to her statement, on the evening of the 1st inst. she arranged to meet defendant in Dormer-place. She represented to her mistress that she was going to a bible-class, while defendant said he was going to a religious meeting at the house of a Baptist minister. Meeting near the Catholic church, defendant told her to follow him, and she did so, not walking together, in order to avoid suspicion. On reaching the suburbs of Leamington the defendant opened a gate leading into a field, and walked forward, followed by the girl. It was then dark, and he caught hold of her and threw her down. The complainant's solicitor, Mr. Kennedy, of Birmingham, had great trouble in getting from the girl an account of what occurred in the field. In reply to Mr. Kennedy, the girl stated that she resisted the defendant, and groaned and screamed as much as she could, and could not remember what passed after she had been a few minutes on the ground. In cross-examination by Mr. Overell, who appeared for the defendant, she at first denied ever having kissed the defendant, but ultimately admitted that she had frequently done so to get rid of him when he teased and bothered her.—After admitting this conduct Mr. Overell said he could adduce a great many things damnatory of the complainant's character. The Bench thought there was no necessity for raking up anything more, and, considering the complainant had been a consenting party, dismissed the case. A charge of assault against Mrs. Brooks was then gone into, but at the suggestion of the Bench not to go on with the case, the summons was dismissed.

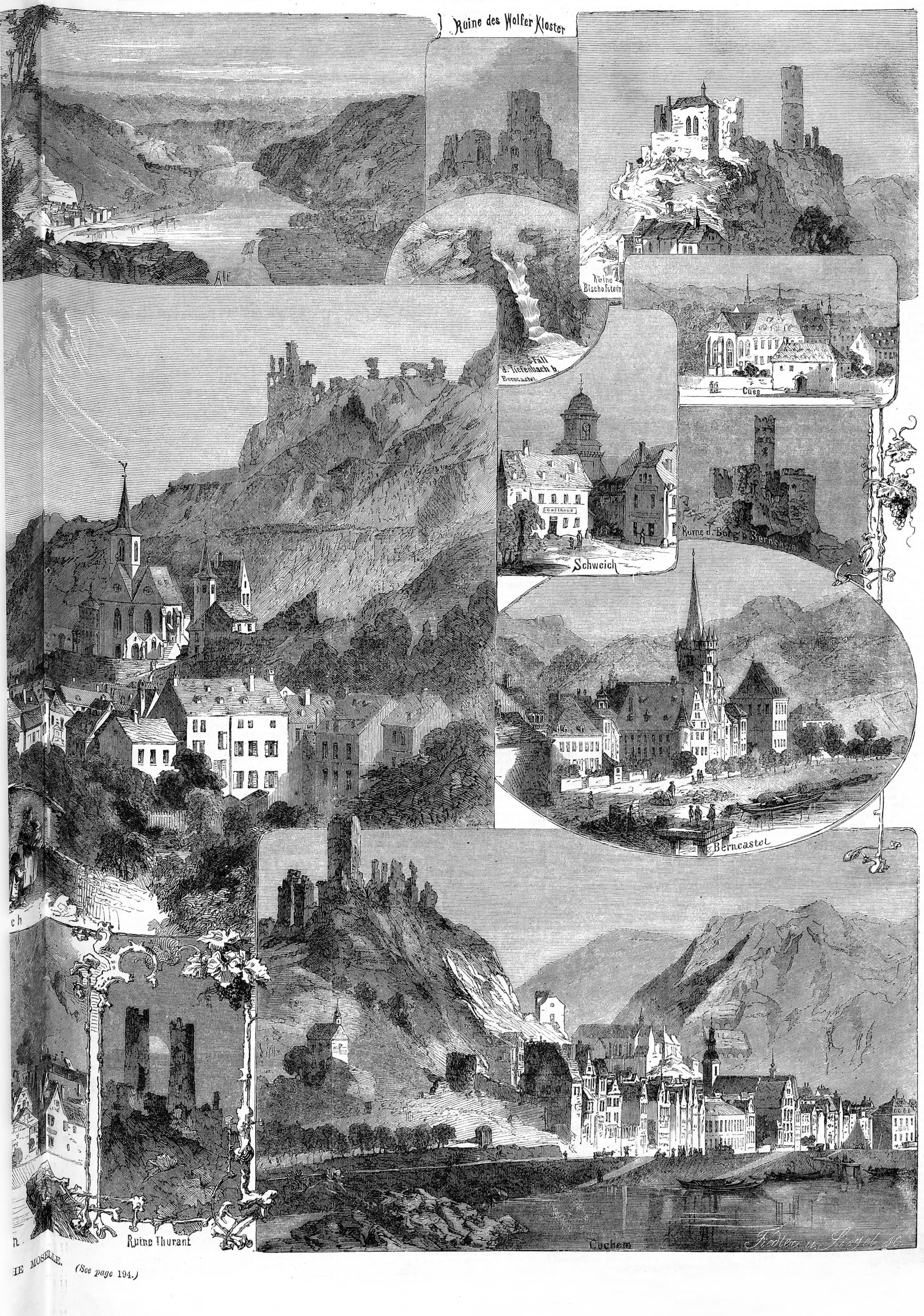
Stourbridge has been rather excited this week owing to the apprehension of Mr. Prescott, a well-known attorney of that town, on a charge of threatening Mr. H. Pearce, a clerk in Messrs. Bradley and Co.'s office. Mr. Prescott was brought up at the Public-office, before Mr. R. L. Freer, on Monday evening, shortly after he had been taken into custody. The charge against Mr. Prescott was that on Sunday last he threatened to give Mr. Pearce such a horsewhipping as he had never before experienced. There appears to have been some dispute between the parties about a pew in Oldswinford Church. Ellen Mann, servant at Mr. Pearce's, said that on Sunday she heard a violent ring at the door. She went to the door and saw Mr. Prescott, who seemed very much agitated. His first words were, "Where's your lying vagabond?" She said "Who are you speaking of?" He said, "The —— scamp. He has got his house furnished, hasn't he? I will give him a good thrashing for the lies he has told my boys in church. If he does not apologise (mentioning some time), I will give him such a —— good horse-whipping as he has not had before." Complainant deposed to Mr. Prescott having threatened to lay his stick about complainant's back; and said in consequence of that threat he most certainly went in fear of Mr. Prescott. Mr. Prescott submitted that he used no threat whatever to Mr. Pearce. The girl had told an absolute untruth, and as regarded the other two (Mr. and Mrs. Pearce) what he said in the street was different in its effect from their statement. He told Pearce that if he had used the insult to him which he did to his boy, and had attempted to turn him out of the pew, he would certainly have given him a sound good thrashing. As to having any antipathy or using any threat to him, he had no such idea. Of course, if the magistrates thought he must find sureties he must do so; but it would be at complainant's cost, and he should apply for a summons against him for perjury. Mr. Freer: Under the circumstances of the case, and considering your position, I shall require very heavy bail. I shall require two sureties of £100 each, and yourself in £200 to keep the peace for six months. (Applause in court, which was at once checked.) Mr. Prescott: Will you take my bail? Mr. Freer: No. Mr. Prescott: Shall I have an opportunity of sending for persons to be bound for me? Mr. Perry: Any time within the six months you can do it. Mr. Prescott: You are very polite. I dare say it is "nuts" for you. (To Mr. Freer): Then you order me into the cell, sir? Mr. Freer: I give no order. Mr. Prescott then applied for a summons against Mr. and Mrs. Pearce for perjury, which the clerk told him must be supported by evidence on a sworn information. Some more conversation passed, and Mr. Freer said if any sureties were found in the course of the evening with whom Mr. Perry was satisfied, he would accept them. The defendant was removed in custody, and on the following morning he was taken to Worcester, the required bail not being then forthcoming.

One of the most wanton pieces of mischief that we ever heard of has taken place at the nurseries of Mr. Richard Smith, St. John's, Worcester. Nearly 1,500 valuable young fir-trees of from one to 20 years' growth were cut off by the stems either on Sunday night or on Monday morning, and though they were not entirely destroyed, several years must elapse before they can recover themselves. The shrubs thus maliciously damaged were among the most valuable in the nursery, and the upper part of each tree has been cut so cleanly through by a knife or other sharp instrument made use of for the purpose, that it appears pretty evident that the perpetrator was no novice at the work; and this supposition is further strengthened by the fact that, although row after row of the shrubs have been severed in the manner above described, the miscreant has left untouched several of the least valuable of the trees that came in his way as not being worthy attention. We understand that the shrubs were worth from £1 to £6 each, and the damage sustained by Mr. Smith will not fall far short of £1,000. We are sorry to state that no clue has yet been obtained to the perpetrator of the outrage. Some footmarks were observable on the ground, but as the soil is of a sandy nature, the foot-prints left are not very clear. The wanton act must have occupied three or four hours. Mr. Smith has issued a notice offering £25 reward for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offender or offenders, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the scoundrel will ere long be brought to justice.—*Worcestershire Chronicle.*

A very distressing case of suicide has occurred at Warwick. Mr. Frank Tibbits, Clerk to the County Magistrates and Registrar of the County Court, went to his office as usual on Saturday morning; and shortly after requested Mr. Briscoe, one of his clerks, who has the management of the magisterial department, to give him the Justices' minute-book of business to be transacted. The book was passed to him, and he entered a rate to be ordered by the magistrates. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Tibbits, brother of deceased, called at the office. Mr. Briscoe told him he was in his own room, and he passed through Mr. Briscoe's office and went into his brother's room, on entering which he was horrified to find his brother lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and quite dead. Without stopping in the room a minute, he ran back to Mr. Briscoe, and exclaimed, "Good God! what does this mean?" Mr. Briscoe accompanied Dr. Tibbits into the room, and on lifting the deceased partly up they found under him a five-chambered revolver, four of the chambers of which were loaded, while the other was empty. The deceased had had the pistol some time, and usually kept it at his house, and he recently told Mr. Briscoe that he one day thought he should have to use it, when he supposed there were robbers in his house. An inquest was held on Monday at the Warwick Arms Hotel by Mr. G. Moore, coroner. The body of the deceased was lying in the position it was found; and it was clear that the pistol must have been held by the deceased close to his head. Mr. W. Briscoe, deceased's clerk, deposed to going with Dr. Tibbits into the room where deceased was lying dead; and to finding a piece of paper on which was written, in deceased's hand-writing: "I can struggle no longer. My brain feels palsied, and unable to dictate to tongue or pen. May my God forgive me.—F.T." During the last month—and especially during the fortnight's absence of Mr. Harwood, the Clerk of the County Court department—witness had observed a little change in the deceased's manner, he having become exceedingly nervous and irritable, and anxious about the moneys belonging to the County Court. Dr. John Tibbits deposed to finding his brother dead at his office surrounded by a pool of blood. On the right temple was a wound such as would be produced by a ball discharged from the pistol. The left eye slightly protruded from the presence of the ball behind it. The wound would cause instantaneous death. He had seen the deceased on the previous evening, when as during the past two or three weeks he had appeared a little, but not much, depressed, but in all respects as rational as ever. Deceased (according to his brother's evidence) was highly sensitive. Evidence was given by Mr. Edwin Wright, solicitor, of Leamington, an intimate friend of the deceased, which explained the motive that had prompted deceased to destroy himself. Mr. Wright said on Sunday week he was out for a walk with the deceased, when, near the railway station on the Coventry-road, a woman overtook them. Deceased spoke to her, and shortly afterwards said to Mr. Wright: "You saw me speak to that young woman just now. I want your advice. I have lived with that woman for many years. She was formerly a servant of my father's. When the intimacy commenced I was twenty-one and she was about nineteen. I have had several children by her, but there is only one alive, a daughter, who is about eighteen years of age, whom I have had educated, and apprenticed to a large millinery establishment at Cheltenham. She is now manager of one of the departments. What do you think about my marrying her mother? She is pressing me to do it. She has recently lost our two sons, and has had a disturbance with the servant, and is living in a house by herself and complains of being unhappy. Unfortunately she is a woman of no education and no society for me." Witness told him he thought marriage would be a most unwise step, which would render him wretched and his wife unhappy, and that the connection between them had better cease, and that the mother should have her daughter to live with her. He stated that he was willing to make an allowance for them, and to do whatever they wanted to enable them to do so. He stated that the matter pressed upon him so much that he was unable to do business; he feared his brain would give way, and if he could afford it he would throw up his practice and appointments, and leave; he believed the advice he (witness) had given him was correct, and that he would ask the woman to see witness at his (Mr. Wright's) office. He saw him several times during the week, and noticed that he was very much depressed. On Friday evening last during a conversation on the subject, deceased said he could neither think nor act, and that he felt a pressure on his head like a lump of lead. Deceased had left the bulk of his property to the woman in question.—The enquiry lasted four hours, and the jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."


Beilstein
R.d. Burgen b. Treis
Carden
Ruine d. Niederburg b. Cobern
Clotten
Trarbach
D. Oberburg b. Cobern
Ruine Ehrenburg
Gondorf
Alken

VIEWS ON THE MOSELLE.


Ruine des Wolfer Kloster
Alf
Ruine Bischofstein
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Cues
Gasthaus
Schweich
Ruine d. Burg b. Berncastel
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Ruine Thurant
Cochem
Fedler u. Siegel

IE MOSELLE. *(See page 194.)*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

A dull week at Liverpool was enlivened by an exciting contest between Mr. Topham and *The Sportsman.* It appears that the Liverpool "M. C.," to avenge some supposed injury inflicted on him by the paper in question, did not send it the Cup weights. This was resented by a furious and somewhat unmerited assault on the handicapping and general arrangements at Liverpool, which so annoyed Mr. Topham that he unwisely expelled the representatives of *The Sportsman* from the reporters' room. This short-sighted conduct lost him the game, and, though it was quite six of one and half a dozen of the other, he had to make a very humble apology. As fifteen horses ran for the Cup, and seven to one was laid on the field within a few hours of the start, there cannot have been so very much amiss with the weights. Last week also witnessed a quiet set-to between Mr. Peck and the *Malton Gazette*, on account of some disparaging remarks which appeared in the paper relative to that arch-impostor, The Prior. The horse, who ran as badly as ever at Liverpool, deserves the worst that can be said of him, and it is just possible that the *Gazette* will survive the loss of the trainer's patronage. Sir Joseph Hawley must be considered peculiarly fortunate in carrying off the Liverpool Cup twice in succession, as The Palmer, last year's winner, was a mere "miler," and Lictor has always been considered a roarer, though this has lately been contradicted. No one was sorry when the race was over, as the public scarcely agreed with "Hotspur," and did not consider the scratching of Siderolite and Blue Gown an evidence of "a bold and dashing policy," but called it by a far harsher name, while the running of Van Amburgh, and his position in the market, were eminently unsatisfactory and have procured him the soubriquét of "Van Humbug." Gladness, by Carnival—Marseillaise and therefore half brother to Robespierre, won a handicap, beating Ptarmigan and Religieuse; and Lumley, about the best two-year-old of last year, scored his first win this season, in a welter plate. He ran very forward in both the Newmarket nurseries, carrying upwards of 9st., and it is noteworthy that Victorious and Viridis, who made their reputations in those same races, never did much good afterwards.

As usual, the end of the season is marked by many advertisements of sales. Mr. Pryor, Sir Charles Legard, and Colonel Astley will dispose of their entire studs; while Mr. Heene offers a large, and Mr. Merry a small, draft for competition. Knight of the Garter and Blue Gown are on the private sale list. The former will never run again, but the latter is still quite sound, and does not seem dear at £5,000. His conqueror, The Earl, was sold, if we remember rightly, for £1,500 more. With the exception of Thormanby and Macaroni, none of our stallions have much improved their positions this year, and the stock of the latter do not run like stayers. Stockwell has fallen terribly, and Kettledrum's produce are no good beyond the T. Y. C. Lincoln saves Ely from total oblivion, and the King John's have won many small races. Lord Clifden has only done just enough to hold his ground; but Games, Gertrude, and one or two other smart two-year-olds, are a credit to Saunterer.

Coursing was carried on vigorously last week in Cumberland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Herefordshire, Norfolk, and one or two other counties. At the Coatham and Eston meeting, Fire Brigade by Brigadier, the 1866 Waterloo Cup winner, carried off the Coatham Cup. Ewesdale's stock has not won much lately, but at the Bassenthwaite meeting Burgundy and Genuine Article, own brother and sister by Ewesdale—Goneril, divided the Castle Cup. At Letton Patent's stock won two stakes out of four. There was a good meeting at Annandale, where poor Will Carfrœ was much missed. For forty-six years he was body servant to Mr. Sharpe, of Hoddom, and trained his greyhounds; he was also butler to the Caledonian Hunt. Mr. Sharpe was seen nowhere without his servants "Will" and "Bob." They were on quite familiar terms with him, and had racehorses of their own, as well as greyhounds. At Marham, Matilda won the West Norfolk Cup. She is by Banjo from Trovatore, the old opponent of Lobelia. Trovatore's first litter of puppies were by a colley dog, so there seems little truth in the theory that all succeeding litters are much influenced by the first impregnation. Blue Bell by Portland—a blood running well this year—won the Tallyho Stakes, so called out of compliment to Mr. Villebois, who is a great supporter of this meeting on the plains of Swaffham. Sir Cápel Molyneux's "Mrs." Lennox ran up, and his "Mrs." Conyngham won, at the Creagh open meeting.

John Roberts has for many years been champion of England at billiards, without "a rival near his throne," but his reign seems near its end. W. Cook, Jun. has challenged him to play a game of 1,000 or 2,000 up, for any sum up to £500 a- side, the match to be played before 1st, January, 1870. Should it take place, which we think extremely doubtful, the old man will have all the benefit of his lengthened experience; but Cook seldom plays a game now without securing between two and three hundred off the balls, and public opinion is strongly in his favour.

On Thursday the coalmasters of the Tipton district met at Birmingham, and resolved to advance the wages of thick colliers sixpence, and thin colliers threepence, and to make a corresponding increase in prices.

This week the members of the Associated Chambers of Commerce have met at Birmingham for the discussion of several questions, including international coinage, &c. After a discussion on the inequalities of railway rates, introduced by Mr. Walker (Wolverhampton), a resolution was adopted to the effect that the aggregate loss to traders in many districts is very considerable consequent on the absence of competition in the conveyance of traffic, especially in cases where the canals being under the control of the railways renders necessary some supervision of the rates allowed by the law; further, that the terminal charges ought to be fixed and published, and that the charge for carriage ought to be as nearly as possible a uniform rate per mile. Subsequently, on the motion of Mr. Whitworth, a committee was appointed to obtain information on the subject, and report in reference to the same at the annual meeting in February.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The chemists of London assembled in full force the other night to discuss the validity or invalidity of the atomic theory; the immediate instigation of their meeting being a lecture recently delivered by Professor Williamson, and having for object the establishment of Dalton's famous hypothesis. It would be a long business to recount the pros and cons that were brought forward by the various speakers. Suffice it to say that the majority of them were in opposition to the acceptance of the theory as absolute truth, though most of them held it as a convenience in the consideration of chemical processes, as a ladder—so Dr. Frankland termed it—to elevate the chemist from one position in his science to another. Dr. Odling, opposing the theory, argued that it was but a matter of thought, and compared the laws of chemical combination to Nepler's laws of planetary motion, which were simply a general expression of observed facts; he considered that the atomic hypothesis was superinduced upon these facts. Professor Miller, of King's College, London, upheld the theory as a necessity for the connection of known facts and the anticipation of new ones. It appeared to him that they who opposed it were bound to offer a substitute, and no one could do, or had done, this. Professor Tyndall also supported it as something to be clung to till a better offered itself; when facts arise that it will not reconcile, the theory must fall, as the emission theory of light fell before the undulatory theory. Dr. Mills argued that the question was a metaphysical one, on which chemistry threw no light, and that the theory was not perfectly necessary to the science. He believed motion to be the highest generalization of modern science, and it therefore afforded the only criterion by which all theories, including those of chemistry, must be judged; and the notion of a limit [to the divisibility of matter] was practically inconsistent with the idea of motion

The Faraday Memorial Committee has addressed a letter to the several learned Societies informing their respective members that the subscription lists will shortly close, and that little time now remains for the philosopher's admirers to testify their remembrance of him. Although the Committee issues this reminder, it avoids anything like pressing for contributions, the Faraday family and all concerned in the movement deprecating urgent solicitation. Two thousand pounds is the estimated sum required for the proposed form of memorial—a statue to be placed in Westminster Abbey. About eleven hundred pounds were subscribed at the first meeting of the Committee. There are those who justly think that a statue is not the happiest notion for a cenotaph. Faraday's physique was unfitted for such a movement; and it is supposable that it would have been more in accord with his ideas if his name had been perpetually associated with some scholarship or fund for assisting humble but earnest students to pursue the slow and unremunerative search for scientific truths.

Apropos of the finding of small planets alluded to last week: a French scientific amateur has caused a medal to be designed and struck in commemoration of the discovery of the hundredth of these bodies, which was found last year. Upon the obverse face is a voluptuous female figure floating in space, and dropping little globes from her right hand; upon the reverse are three medallion portraits, respectively of the Englishman Hind, the Frenchman Goldschmidt, and the German Luther. The first of these discoverers has discovered ten asteroids, the second, who died two years since, found fourteen, and the third has up to the present time detected seventeen. America is not represented on the medal, although one of her sons, Dr. Watson, of Michigan, has already added nine to the list, and was actually the discoverer of the hundredth, to commemorate which the medal was struck. America has just cause for complaint, if the matter is worth complaining about.

During several days past there has been an exhibition of photographs under the auspices of the London Photographic Society. The show-rooms were the galleries of the Architectural Societies' Museum in Conduit-street, London. About one-hundred-and-twenty exhibitors sent in specimens, the tale of which amounted to four hundred. They were interesting enough, but there was no striking novelty. Photographers want something fresh to work upon; they have exhausted their present resources and reduced their business down to one of mere production and reproduction. There are novel printing processes, it is true, for multiplying pictures in permanent pigments; but these do not seem to make the way one would expect, for amateurs are obliged to resort to the old methods because of the extensive apparatus for prosecuting the new. Of prints in carbon the Autotype Company had a fair show. This firm has bought the right to work the beautiful process perfected by Mr. Swan of Newcastle, and they have done good service by reproducing, almost in fac-simile, numerous sketches from the crayons of old masters. But the most hopeful of all systems of permanent photography, that patented by Mr. Woodbury, was not represented at the exhibition. What is called "combination printing"—that is, combining impressions from several negatives upon one sheet of paper—was exhibited in several cases; but to an analytical eye the examples were, as usual, offensive from their very obvious trickery. The portraits were excellent, but still nothing beyond what we may see any day in a walk through our best streets.

Something new at last has appeared among the heap of recent velocipede inventions. At the Crystal Palace there has been shown a machine which instead of being propelled by the feet is driven by pressure applied first to the saddle and then to the foot-board or stirrups. The rider sits down and stands up alternately, his action resembling that of a horseman, and the transfer of his weight first to one lever then to another sets up and maintains a rotary motion of the wheels. It is hardly fair to call this a velocipede, considering the members that move it, but its inventors hail from Ireland; they are Messrs. Farrell and Turner of Dublin. I recollect seeing this principle of propulsion proposed as a means of flying: the sitting and rising motion was to be made to work a great screw, like that of a ship, but very light, horizontally above the aviator's head, and so lift him in the air. It was a Russian's device sent to England for exhibition—only on paper though.

VIEWS ON THE MOSELLE.

The Rhine is an epic; the Moselle is an idyl. This sentence furnishes the standard by which to judge the "Lorraine Maiden," as Schiller calls the Moselle, which springs on the heights of the Vosges. He who is in search of overpowering grandeur in landscape must not enter her valleys. Here we find the lovely, the graceful, in frequent changes and in charming variety, and contrasts blended with an ease as on no other German river. Whilst on the cold and barren heights of the Eifel and of the Hundsrück, which border her banks, a climate prevails in which oats and buckwheat with difficulty grow. The warm, sunny valley of the Moselle produces delicious grapes, an abundance of fruit and corn of all kinds, and the flowers of southern climes. Whilst on the upper Moselle plains predominate; on its middle and lower course high slate-ranges run up to the river, rigid and steep, in strange formations and sharp ribs. After these open side valleys, from which wild mountain torrents rush down, and which exhibit the strangest geological formations. Where the rocks do not immediately touch the river, the eye is fixed upon beautiful villages surrounded by fruit, and especially nut trees; upon meadows alive with grazing cattle, or covered with linen bleaching in the sun; upon chapels which the piety of past ages has erected on the banks of the river; upon ruins of convents, or upon picturesque mediæval cities, pressed close to the rocks and surmounted by the remains of their protecting castles, which, with the pinnacled city walls and ivy-covered gateways, form pleasant pictures. Up to the highest points of the mountains, which are generally occupied by forests, the industry of the vintner has planted the vine, which produces that delicious and wholesome Moselle wine, so wholesome indeed, that it has given rise to the proverb, "Moselle wine is the sick man's wine." Many a patient has recovered his health by drinking it; nay, one sort grown near Bernkastel bears the name of doctor-wine, and is said to have cured an Archbishop of Treves, who had vainly sought for health in other remedies.

Indeed, the Moselle possesses much to attract the traveller's attention. The history of the cities on the Moselle, especially of Metz, Treves, and Coblentz, is most interesting to any one able to follow the course of the development of the Germanic tribes, and their share in the general history of their common fatherland. Nor does tradition speak here less loudly and clearly (though not with those wondrous sounds) than she does on the Rhine. Again, the life, manners, customs, dialects, &c., of the dwellers on the Moselle offer to the ethnologist many points of research. Vintners, boatmen, hotel-keepers, represent the three most important branches of industry. As in Lithuania everybody rides on horseback, so here, on the middle or lower Moselle, old and young understand the management of the boat, as the river intersects the fields, and consequently the connexion with the opposite shore must be kept up by means of boats. From this cause, too, the Moselle always appears crowded with craft. Large roads do not run along the river, but over the hills on either side. They were first made by the Romans, and were for many centuries the only means of commercial intercourse until the valley of the Moselle was opened to steam navigation. A railway through it is planned, but its realisation depends upon the removal of some legal difficulties.

The valley of the Moselle was rich in seats of ancient nobility. The Lords of Kesselstadt, Eltz, Cobern, Metternich, Leyen, and others are frequently mentioned in the history of the Rhenish lands, and in connexion with tournaments, and battles, and Crusades, Roman expeditions, and pilgrimages. Tradition has covered with evergreen garlands their crumbling castles on the summits of the vine-clad hills. Their history presents a rich and varied piece of German culture, which in the valleys of the Rhine and its tributaries, unfolded itself on a grand and magnificent scale. Of a few of those castles and ancient cities we will now give short sketches. We enter the valley above Coblentz, and as we see the river winding its way in numberless curves, we exclaim with the Roman poet Ausonius:

> "Hail, Mosella, to thee! I sing the praise of thy produce—
> Thou that glidest along through perfumes of flowering vines."

The romance of the middle ages meets us as we approach the beautiful village of Cobern on the left side of the river. Two castles, the lower and the upper, proclaim even in their ruined condition the whole strength of the mighty race that once inhabited them. By the side of the "Oberburg" (upper castle) stands the chapel of St. Matthias, which has been restored, and is built in the form of a hexagonal Constantinian Baptistery. Tradition makes Cobern an abode of the Knights Templar. The view from those castles is most charming; wherever the eye turns, new pictures present themselves.

Gondorf, whose castle stands close to the river, was the family seat of the princes of Leyen. Situated on a rock is a church which was built in 1731. From this point again are seen many objects of interest near and at a distance. But nature appears even more rich and abundant around the village of Alken, on the heights near which the towers of the castle of Thuron or Thurant appear. It was built by Count Palatine Henry, the eldest son of Henry the Lion, in the year 1198. The vine-covered castle hill is connected with Alken by a long wall. From Hatzenport, on the right bank of the river, a road lined with shrubs, trees, and vines leads to the stately ruins of the Ehrenberg, whose lords are mentioned as brave combatants in the history of the Crusades. The ruins, with their round watch-tower (square on the top) have an imposing effect upon the beholder. The little village of Ehrenberg nestles at the foot of the forest-covered hill, and further away rise the ruins of the castle of Schöneck. Of the castle of Bischofstein, built in 1270, there remains only one tower, with lime-washed walls. At this point commence the many windings of the Moselle, which give to the landscape its peculiar character. First we come to the ancient place of Carden, on the left bank of the Moselle, with its antique houses and a convent church; then on the right the large market-place of Treis, shut in by high mountains on all sides. Behind this place there opens a wild ravine with two isolated rocks. One of these bears the ruin of the Wildenburg, which existed before 1148, when the Count Palatine Hermann II, and Archbishop Adalbert of Treves went to war for the possession of it. The castle on the other peak is much older, and its history unknown. The village of Clotten is most picturesquely situated, the rows of houses being built in terraces one above the other, and the ruins of the Clotten castle forming the finishing point to the charming picture. The place at one time belonged to the estates of Queen Richezza, with which she endowed the Abbey of Brauweiler, near Cologne.

One of the most beautiful points on the Moselle is occupied by the ancient town of Cochem, which, with its towers, ancient houses, and peculiar terraces, forms a varied and charming picture. On a steep rock stands the high and strong watch-tower amidst the ruins of the castle, in which the mad Count Palatine, Henry II., killed his wife Mathilde with a battle-axe. A Father Martinus, of Cochem, is known by his theological writings. In the neighbouring Enderthal are seen the ruins of the Winneburg, the property of Prince Metternich. On the right bank, in a most fertile spot, are the ruins of the castle of Beilstein, at one time in the possession of the Knights of Braunshorn; whilst on the river Alf, and near the village which takes its name from it, are seen the picturesque ruins of the Castle of Arras, mentioned in documents of the year 1120, and which has had to endure several sieges.

The town of Trarbach, with the Harkenburg, and the town of Bernkastel, with a castle of like name, form brilliant points on the Moselle. To describe them would require more columns than we have lines to devote to them. A lovely scene is presented by the ruins of the ancient monastery of Wolf, situated on an eminence, as well as by the falls of the Tiefenbach, near Bernkastel, which rolls thundering over the rocks. Cues is the place from which the famous Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus derives his name. He was born in 1403, the son of a poor fisherman, and the founder of the Hospital in his native place, in the chapel of which his heart is buried. From Cues to Treves the valley of the Moselle presents fewer beauties, as the mountains are more distant from the river. At Schweich much corn and wine are produced, and the inhabitants are a thrifty, well-to-do people. A short drive brings us from here to the principal city on the Moselle—Treves, whose ancient *Porta nigra* is distinctly seen from afar.

These short notices are intended only to explain our Engravings, but by no means to give an exhaustive description of the beauties of the Moselle. There has never been a lack of skilled pencils to illustrate her beauties, and poets have at all times endeavoured to sing her praise in sounding verse. Many of her sons have excelled in learning, or in the service of the Church. With Cardinal Cusanus, before mentioned, who was also an author of repute, we may name Johannes Lesuranus, Provost of Mentz, a native of the village of Lieser, who played an important part at the Council of Basle; and Johannes Trithemius, born at Trittenheim in 1462 of poor parents, who rose to be Abbot of the Monastery of St. Jacob at Wurzburg. Treves boasts a great number of men distinguished in all the domains of human knowledge; yet history and archæology seem to have been especially cultivated with great zeal and success. Bishop Hontheim, *e.g.*, has left behind him a most valuable collection of documents relating to the city of Treves, which Professor Steiniger has elaborated into a properly-connected history. At present, also, there are many learned men at Treves, who turn their attention principally to those favourite studies—men such as Wilmowsky, Ladner, Leonardy, and others. Among poets there have been distinguished Hutterus, Laven, and Viehoff, the latter of whom is still living.

A visit to the Moselle is without difficulty to the traveller on the Rhine; the Rhine—Nahe and the Treves—Saarbrücken railway, as well as the steamers on the Moselle being at his disposal. We would recommend the use of the railway for the journey to Treves, and the steamer down the river, by which means the visitor will become pretty extensively acquainted with the country of the ancient *Augusta Trevirorum*, and of the "bride of the German Rhine."

MR. PEABODY.

A funeral service was read over the remains of Mr. Peabody in Westminster Abbey on Friday. As the procession started from Eaton-square, the blinds of the houses in the Square were all drawn down, as were also those of the greater portion of the houses on the route. The blinds of Buckingham Palace were also lowered. A long line of carriages followed the five mourning coaches, including those of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Miss Burdett Coutts. General Gray, representing her Majesty, was present in the Abbey. The pulpit was hung with black cloth, also the seats and the other parts of the edifice. Earls Clarendon and Granville, Mr. Gladstone, and a large number of distinguished persons were present.

In order to mark the national sense of Mr. Peabody's noble benefactions, and to pay a fitting tribute to his memory, his remains will be conveyed to America on board one of her Majesty's ships of war. For that purpose her Majesty's ship *Inconstant* is being prepared with all despatch, and a fitting mausoleum is being erected on board.

Previous to Mr. Peabody's death the Queen had expressed a great wish to see him again, and to have some conversation with him. In fact, just before he left England, on the last occasion of his staying in this country, her Majesty wrote a letter to him, requesting him to let her know of his return to England, whenever that should be. Immediately upon his arrival here, Mr. Peabody communicated the fact to her Majesty. The Queen was aware that he was in delicate health, and conveyed to him her wish, that, on her return from Balmoral, he would visit her at Windsor, when, without being obliged to dine with her, or to go through anything which might be a fatigue to him, she could see him "quietly." When her Majesty was made aware of the serious accession of illness under which Mr. Peabody was labouring, the Queen then proposed to come and see him at Sir Curtis Lampson's house in Eaton-square, where Mr. Peabody was staying. The rapid termination, however, of the disease rendered this, to her Majesty's deep regret, impossible.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

There is a general feeling of rage and horror amongst the officials of the London and South-Western Railway Company who hold the responsible, and often unenviable, position of station-master. Hitherto they have not worn any outward badge of office; but the ukase has lately gone forth from Waterloo that the station-masters are to wear uniform caps. If an order had been issued that those officers were to don a garb of corduroy and waterproof overalls, like the porters, the dismay could not have been more general nor more genuine. Many of those who are affected by this (as they consider) arbitrary order from head-quarters are gentleman who, from various circumstances, have accepted railway employment until something better comes in their way, and they entertain a wholesome and proper dread of being compelled to assume the distinguishing head-covering which the company has resolved they are in future to wear.

Under ordinary circumstances, your Briton pays his rates and taxes with a philosophical calmness and equanimity of demeanour that might command the respect and admiration of the Gods. The tax collector has seldom to ask twice for his money; the head of the house is usually only too glad to "pay and have done with it;" but, with all his virtues, Mr. Bull has not yet arrived at that exalted state of perfect manhood which, when one pocket is attacked, makes him turn the other out obedient to his enemy's demand. Hence it is that we fear an outburst of temper on the part of many otherwise estimable gentlemen when they read the unwelcome and extraordinary intelligence just promulgated by our able contemporary, the *Law Times*, which informs us that on the 1st of January all the taxes for the next year will become due, and must be paid in advance! It has been the practice until now to collect both the Assessed and Income Tax half-yearly, and we cannot understand why that custom is to be departed from now. January finds most people short of money after paying their Christmas bills, and in no humour to pay that most unequal tax levied upon incomes. The warning is so necessary that we take the earliest opportunity of giving it.

Five thousand pounds appears at first sight an enormous sum to pay for six months' short-hand writing in connection with the hearing of the election petitions; but a Treasury return gives that amount amongst other items amounting to £10,656 12s., so it is presumably correct. What a mass of writing that £5,000 represents! A shorthand writer is paid variously from 4d. to 10d. per common law folio of 72 words. Put it at eightpence as a fair average price per folio. In an hour he would take down, say, 100 folios; that makes 700 folios in a day of seven hours, or 50,400 words. In a month of 30 days that would be 15,512,400 words taken down in shorthand, and then having to be written out in ordinary long-hand! Calculating roughly for the sake of illustration, we will say a *Times'* column of type contains 20 folios, or 1,440 words. Seven hundred folios therefore represent 35 newspaper columns, which, multiplied by thirty days, gives us 1,050 columns a month. Reckoning eight pages of six columns each as the ordinary *Times* sheet without the supplement, there are 48 columns; so that in a month the shorthand-writer's "copy," fairly written out, would fill about 130 pages of the leading journal! You think four pages of Parliamentary or Legal Reports an immense quantity to wade through, as many a sub-editor has to do before he can extract the wheat from the husks; but only fancy 130 pages of solid speeches, evidence, counsel's rhetoric, and Judge's summing-up, and then, if your breath is not quite taken away by the calculation, multiply 130 by 6, and you will get as a result 780 pages of this by no means Light Literature! And all, as *Hamlet* says, "Words, words, words!"

A word for Cabby. Going to the Opera, the Ball, the Theatre, or the Fashionable Concert on a wet night, and chartering a cab for that purpose, has it never struck you that the life of a cabman is a most unenviable one? Obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours—at everybody's beck and call—waiting on the rank in frost and snow for a fare, sometimes necessitated to be loitering there for hours together with never a chance of earning a stray shilling, Cabby is a man to be pitied, though he does occasionally look glum if he is not "tipped" over and above his legal fare. We have often wondered that some sort of building was not erected in the vicinity of every cabstand for the accommodation of the drivers of these vehicles; and this week word comes to us all the way from Edinbro' Toon that such a movement has been commenced there. In Randolph-crescent, Edinburgh, there has been erected, close to the cabstand, a wooden building, in which the men, instead of waiting about in the street, may congregate, read, and otherwise (we presume) enjoy themselves. This building, which might be called the Cabman's Home, is to be heated with gas, and there will be a boiler to supply hot water to those who require it for making tea, coffee, &c.; so that in future the Randolph-crescent cabmen will be as well cared for as they can wish. The cost of such a building as this one in Edinburgh is very trifling. Why can not we in the Midlands, following the example of our Scotch friends, provide Cabby with such a refuge from the cold blasts of winter and the frost and snow, of which we have already had a foretaste? For our own part, we are ready to assist in such a project, which could be carried out very inexpensively, and which is quite as deserving of support as many other objects for which the mite of the charitable public is solicited.

LITERATURE.

EPISODES OF FICTION; OR, CHOICE STORIES FROM THE GREAT NOVELISTS. With Biographical Introductions. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

It is curious to compare the works of novelists of past days with those of the present. Take Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett for example. They are perhaps the most famous among the fiction writers of a hundred years ago. Their names have been handed down to posterity with the grandest flourishes on Fame's loudest trumpet. They deserve their splendid reputation, no doubt; but to say that their works are equal in any respect to those of Dickens, Thackeray, and Miss Evans in our own day is simply an absurdity. Richardson's "Clarissa" contains chapters of the highest merit. The death of the poor, persecuted, but strangely fastidious herione is perhaps one of the most touching passages in fiction. The compiler of the work under notice has selected this part of Richardson's novel for reproduction. But "Clarissa" in the original is spun out beyond all reason, and there are "nasty" passages here and there which should exclude it with Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" from the household library. Not but what Richardson was regarded as highly moral in his day, and is absurdly so regarded by some people at the present time. But Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson, are as far behind the great fiction writers of the present day in grace, in imagination, in construction, as the age in which they lived is behind the present in science, art, and industry. This is a bold assertion, but unbiassed students of literature must admit its truth. Although the author of "Episodes" has selected his examples with rare judgment, and set in his pages the highest gems of the novels that pleased our grandfathers, we point to his work in proof of our judgment. Against its "Death of Clarissa,' "A Hunting Scene," "A Civic Dignitary," "The Hall of Eblis," and "The Mysterious Helmet,"—extracts from Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Walpole, and Beckford—we would put in competition "The death of Smike" or "Little Nell," "A Hunting Scene," by Lever; "A Beadle," from Dickens; the initiation into Epicurean Mysteries, by Moore; and if we may quote Scott we can leave our readers to select from sundry volumes of Waverley. Disparagement of the present at the expense of the past is a favourite pastime of modern critics. We should like to know what works of the novelists of the past century could be quoted, for dramatic power, imaginative genius, and delicate appreciation of human nature, against "David Copperfield," "The Newcomes," "Adam Bede," "The Caxtons," and "The Scarlet Letter."

We do not intend a word of these observations in depreciation of "Episodes of Fiction." That the work has led us for a moment to think of novels past and present is a tribute to the design. The compiler intends his book as an example of novels famous in former days. He has given us a rare collection, daintily printed and beautifully illustrated. Miss Mitford is a writer belonging to the present century. She can hardly be called a novelist. "Our Village," however, is a book that entitles her to rank as one of the most charming of prose writers. The compiler of "Episodes" was wise in giving her a place in his volume. We venture to reproduce a portion of Miss Mitford's sketch of Tom Cordery, which appears in another part of our paper, with an illustration by Harrison Weir, kindly lent to us by the publisher.

PITS AND FURNACES; OR, LIFE IN THE BLACK COUNTRY. By Mrs. Alfred Payne. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

In an attractive little volume Mrs. Payne has collected a good deal of statistical and other information concerning the Black Country, that *terra incognita* to most Londoners, and to not a few inhabitants even of the Midlands also. They do not, will not, understand the vast importance of the district in which are employed so many thousands of their fellow-creatures in obtaining for above-ground dwellers one of the chief necessaries of life. For these, "Pits and Furnaces," though it is written for children, if once looked into, would, we think, have a great attraction. The talented authoress has set out her facts so agreeably, and shown so much special knowledge of the pit districts, that her little book must become immensely popular. Mrs. Payne has something to say about the "banks," the huts, pit-sinking, working the coal, making iron, &c., and concludes appropriately with an account of the Queen's visit to Wolverhampton in 1866. The authoress conveys her information just as a mother might be expected to do to her children, who (as is the case in "Pits and Furnaces,") have been taken to a new home in the Black Country. Premising that Mrs. Payne has apparently collated her facts very carefully, and strung them together with no ordinary skill, we quote the following passage as a specimen of her powers of description:—

"The new home was commodious, well lighted with gas, and surrounded by a garden and paddock, where cows and horses found pasture, while boats filled with varied merchandise continually glided by on the canal, which ran near the premises. Skaters and sliders enlivened the frozen pools of water which bestudded 'the mounds,' as the surface of the coal mines is called; and, as the snow melted, the children were much amused by exploring the neighbourhood, following the rough footpaths, and peeping down the old pits, which, when worked out, are either bricked over, or fenced round with rude wood-work. The roads are all marked out by old pit-chains, suspended from posts; and the noise of the wheels and machinery in use drawing coal adds a peculiarity to the scene. Eight or ten different sets may be heard from one spot, varied by the tinkling of the engine-drivers' bells, or the steam-shears and hammers of the forges, the roar of the blast-furnaces, and the soft Æolian harp music of the electric telegraph wires. The traffic on two railroads, and a canal with many branches, added much to the delight of the little boys, who took great interest in mechanics.

Trees will not grow long, on account of the smoke of the Black Country; but the gardens scattered about show a few here and there, which need frequent renewal. Apples and pears blossom beautifully, but pears only ripen, the apples dropping off before reaching their full size. Hawthorn hedges flourish and look gay, but are sadly cut every year by the workmen, who love a branch of green to decorate their pit engines on May Day. Elder bushes are plentiful; but the general aspect of the scene is somewhat volcanic—huge mounds of coal-dust, cinders, spent ore, and the curious round, oyster-shaped masses of slag, which are taken from the bottom of the furnaces after the smelted iron is drawn out, and which consists of the half-vitrified dross. These are piled up in long ridges or round heaps to 'weather,' or disintegrate for new soil, which it requires about twenty years to accomplish. They are, however, soon covered with moss, grass, and coltsfoot. Little rivulets wind among them, bordered with footpaths, which led the children to quiet pools, where they fished for sticklebat; or into green dells, where dog-roses, wild thyme, and blackberries might be found in their season. Mrs. Hope often accompanied her children in their rambles; and, sitting with her book or work while they played around, could fancy herself in some wild mountain region when some green mound concealed the weighing machines, cranes, old boilers, skip-rings, barges, and other objects peculiar to the locality.

Very early in the spring the colliers' children wander about to gather the pretty yellow flowers of the coltsfoot, which appear before the leaves, and grow most luxuriantly all over the pit mounds, as if delighting in cinders. The cottagers dry them, and make coltsfoot beer; the clergyman's wife produces a pleasant coltsfoot wine, excellent for all disorders of the throat; while the juice and infusion of the leaves have been recommended by every medical writer since the days of Dioscorides, Galen, and Pliny, for hectic and scrofulous complaints. Every part of this plant has been used medicinally, and its leaves are now employed in the composition of British tobacco. Water-cresses abound, and are of excellent quality. Oxeye daisies, camomile, feverfew, water crowfoot, dandelions, daisies, buttercups, evening primrose, wild convolvulus, woody nightshade, blue and scarlet pimpernel, scabious, corn-cockle, hair-bells, willow-herb, mallow, wild mignonette, marigolds, ferns, sorrel, burdock, and various handsome thistles, in turn bedeck the mounds throughout the year. Rhubarb will grow plentifully near the engine-houses; and corn ripens for cottage consumption, but is not considered white enough for sale. Potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, and other vegetables, flourish wherever the ground is tilled; and as the coal beneath is worked out, rabbits take possession, burrowing and multiplying to the great satisfaction of the lads who can procure ferrets to hunt them out, and gain permission to shoot them for market."

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

"Sir," said a country bookseller to us the other day, "you have just caught the popular appetite at the proper time. There is a wonderfully increasing taste for pictures; an illustrated paper for the country must be a great success; people who come into my shop to buy books throw aside all those which do not contain pictures; in fact books, for young people particularly, that have no pictures in them are dead stock in my establishment." The little book before us would suit our friend's shop admirably; it is a small work full of excellent pictures. What is more, it is carefully and well written. The past and present condition of the Seven Churches is admirably described. As one of a series of "Sunday School Reward Books," the work will no doubt be a favourite little text-book upon the interesting subject of which it treats.

ADRIFT IN A BOAT. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

When the wind is blowing half a gale, or sighing mournfully through the trees, when the ivy flaps against the wall of the old house in the country, or the cozy town-dwelling; after the lessons have been prepared, and the "Delectus" and "Cornwall," and fractions and decimals are things not to be mentioned again until the morning—then, everybody being seated round the blazing fire, with what an appetite does one devour the surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or Captain Cook, and the other heroes of travels! For ourselves, we never take up boys' books without feeling grateful that there are boys' writers—cunning penmen, who find their reward in the pleasure their works afford to the young as well as in the more solid, though not more gratifying, praise of the publishers, who with smiling faces fill up large cheques payable, let us say, to Mr. Kingston, We are not going to depart from our rule, and narrate the plot of Mr. Kingston's story; that gentleman would not thank us for such a mode of criticism; but when we say that we had not read half-a-dozen pages of this tale before we found that it is written with all the author's well-known descriptive skill, and is indeed the history of two young heroes, who go through all manner of perils by water—when we say this, we know that we have said enough to whet the appetites of all our young readers; and when the holidays come, and Father Christmas is laughing as jollily as ever, we shall lose our good opinion of those lads who do not include in the toast, "All absent friends," the names of the persons who provide them with so much instructive and entertaining reading, with a special cheer for the author of "Adrift in a Boat."

WALTER AT THE SEASIDE; OR, FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE SHORE AND DEEP. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Messrs. Nelson cater most lavishly for the young. Some of the best books for boys and girls this season are from their press. We may fairly give a leading place to this bright, lively, and entertaining essay on the sea and the beach. The author's chief object is to stimulate and encourage the study of natural history. He has commenced his work in a way most likely to excite the interest of the young. Opening with a beautiful initial letter standing in a long stretch of ocean, the matter is introduced with a dialogue between two people in whom the reader cannot fail to have an interest. "Walter" will be a pet in all well-regulated nurseries.

The Suez Canal has been opened amid great rejoicings.

Bishop Ullathorne left Birmingham on Tuesday for Rome to attend the Œcumenical Council.

The new Lord Derby is making great changes at Knowsley. Under his father's *régime* there must have been a vast amount of extravagance. The beer bill was £5,000 a year, and the sum spent, or rather charged, for corn given to the game was £250 a week. Somebody ought to have had a nice picking off these amounts. The Lord Stanley, whom we all know, is not the man to allow this style of things to go on, and he is entirely re-arranging his household staff.—*Western Morning News.*

The Judges met on Saturday morning at Westminster in the private room of the Barons of the Exchequer, for the purpose of arranging the forthcoming Winter Circuits, which were accordingly settled as follows, viz.:—Mr. Justice Lush, Durham, Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Mr. Justice Willes and Mr. Baron Martin, Chester, Lancashire, Salop; Mr. Justice Montague Smith, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Stafford, Glamorgan; Mr. Justice Blackburn, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Suffolk, Cambridge; Mr. Baron Pigott, Essex, Hants, Devon, Wilts, Somerset, Berks.

POLICE AND LAW COURTS.

MUCH EASIER THAN PUDDLING!

On Saturday, at the Westbromwich Police-court, before Mr. J. A. Kenrick and Mr. T. Kenrick, James Connolly was charged with obtaining money by false pretences from the District Iron and Steel Company, Smethwick. Mr. F. P. Broughton, a member of the firm, said on that day week he was paying wages at the works, when the prisoner came in and represented himself as having been sent by a man named Holmes, to whom he was under-hand, for his wages, as he was ill in bed. He added that Holmes was his uncle, and under these circumstances he paid the prisoner 17s. 10d. The man Holmes gave corroborative evidence. Inspector Ordish said he apprehended the prisoner on the previous Monday, when he said, "You have got me, and I hope the magistrates will give me five years; that will be much easier than puddling." The prisoner was committed for trial.

IN DESPAIR.

A case which calls for general sympathy has been before the magistrates of the Westminster Police-court: Eliza Peters, a young woman, was finally examined, charged with unlawfully abandoning her infant child, 7 months old. At eleven on the night of the 3rd instant, a working man named Budding was attracted to the step of a door in Oakley-square by the cries of an infant, and found the infant child lying partially covered with blood. He conveyed it to the nearest police station. It was proved in evidence that the prisoner, who is respectably connected, is a widow. She was left with three children by her husband, and since his death has given birth to the illegitimate child which was the subject of the prosecution. She had been to service to endeavour to maintain the chidren, but, falling into extreme poverty, she abandoned the infant as described and sent the other children to her brother's. The prisoner said that in a fit of despair she left the child on the step of the door. In a few minutes she returned to the spot and found it gone. Mr. Smyth, solicitor, urged, as a legal point, on behalf of the accused, that the child's life had not been endangered, nor its health permanently injured. He then called a witness to prove that the child, now in its mother's arms, was in excellent health. Mr. Arnold said that but for its discovery by Budding its life might have been endangered, or its health permanently impaired. The prisoner was then committed for trial, bail being taken for her appearance.

"THE GREAT OXON SPEC."

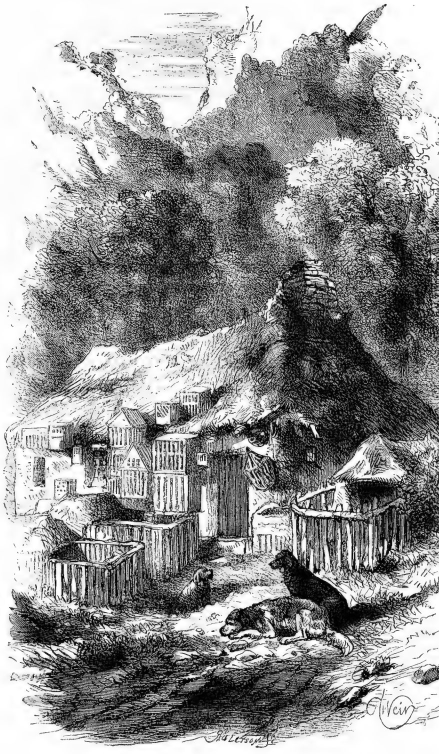
At the Chipping Norton Petty Sessions, on Thursday, before the Mayor (W. Bliss, Esq.) and Mr. F. Wilkins, Charles Pendleton, *alias* "Caxtus," proprietor of the *Oxford Weekly News*, was charged, on the information of Thomas Davenport, of Snitterfield, Warwickshire, with keeping open a lottery, called "The Great Oxon Spec." and having received a certain sum of money from Thomas Davenport for tickets in the said lottery. There were six informations laid against the defendant, three under the old Act of Geo. III., in reference to lotteries, and three under the Betting Act. Mr. Walsh, solicitor, of Oxford, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. Gough, barrister (instructed by Mr. Kilby), appeared for the defendant. The Court was crowded, and the hearing occupied five hours. The "Great Oxon Spec." has been carried on in reference to all the chief races, and a large number of tickets sold to parties at a distance, but it was alleged that no draw had ever taken place. The advertisements of the "specs." appeared from time to time in the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, *The Sportsman*, and *Sporting Life*, but never in defendant's own paper, or in any local journal. Evidence having been given of the delivery of letters to the defendant, addressed "Caxtus," &c., Superintendent Lakin said George Coles had given him three tickets for the "spec.," which witness showed to defendant, and told him it was an illegal transaction. George Coles, carpenter, of Bourton-on-the-Hill, said: From instructions received from William Callaway on September 22nd, I came to Chipping Norton, and brought with me the tickets 505, 506, and 507, and the result-list produced. I went to defendant's shop, and handed him the ticket No. 505, put the result-list on the counter, and pointed out to defendant that 505 was Pero Gomez, the winning horse on the result-list, Defendant said, "This is wrong, this is a mistake altogether. I have paid this money to another person, who held ticket No. 525." He refused to pay me the money, but said I was to call again at three o'clock. I went back to him again, and he brought forward another paper similar to the result-list produced. He pointed to No. 525 on such paper, and said, "This is the number I have paid the money to." I replied that it was a swindle from beginning to end, when defendant's wife said, "Kick him out of the shop, if you don't I will." I then met Superintendent Lakin, who took possession of the tickets. Prosecutor deposed to receiving three tickets upon application to defendant; and some other witnesses having been examined, Mr. Walsh contended that he had in each instance connected the defendant with every paper and document produced in connection with this lottery or "spec.," and had fully proved that "Caxtus" was Pendleton. These draws were advertised to take place under the management of a committee, but no one had ever heard of such a committee in Chipping Norton. The only draw that had taken place must have been arranged by defendant and his wife in some back room of their house. There could be no doubt that this lottery was a swindle, and the learned gentleman, after citing several cases in support of his argument, read the clauses in the Act of George III., under which the information was laid, and asked the Bench, if they considered the case proved, to commit the prisoner for three months as a rogue and a vagabond. Mr. Gough made an able speech on behalf of the defendant. He denied that the evidence had proved that any draw or lottery had taken place, and therefore they could not convict his client under this most penal Act. He said this Act of Parliament was passed to put down the numerous lotteries that existed sixty years ago, and was never intended to apply to a simple case such as was brought against his client. He implored the Bench to pause before they convicted a respectable tradesman under this most stringent Act as a rogue and a vagabond. The case had been got up against Mr. Pendleton in such haste as to preclude the possibility of his being able to rebut the evidence and clear his character. If the magistrates considered the case proved, he trusted they would send it before the quarter sessions, so as to give Mr. Pendleton time to meet the charge. The defendant was then charged under the Betting Act, 7 Vict., 18 and 19, "That he did on the 13th September, in New Street, in the Borough of Chipping Norton, unlawfully use the said house for the purpose of betting, &c., on a certain horse race, called 'The Doncaster St. Leger,' against the form of the statute made and provided." The lowest penalty under this Act is £50.—Before the case was gone into the learned advocates had a consultation, and, on returning into Court, Mr. Walsh said in reality the defendant had no answer to either charge, consequently the Bench had no option but to send him to prison on the first charge; but as his counsel had advised him to plead guilty, he (Mr. Walsh) was willing to withdraw the first case, and press for a fine of £50 in the second case, which he thought would be sufficient punishment, and put a stop to these draws in Chipping Norton for the future. The defendant then pleaded guilty, and the magistrates retired. On returning into Court the Mayor said himself and his colleague had decided to fine the defenant £50 and all expenses, the defendant to remain in custody till paid, or suffer three months' imprisonment. The Mayor trusted that this would be the means of putting an end to these demoralising draws and betting transactions, and he hoped Mr. Pendleton would not be in any way connected with them again. Defendant said: I will not do so again. The proceedings then terminated, Mr. Pendleton remaining in charge of the police.

James Gettings, landlord of the Commercial Inn, Brockmoor, has been fined by Mr. Spooner, at the Brierley Hill Police-court, £10, for allowing drunkenness in his house during the

TOM CORDERY'S COTTAGE.

In our literary columns we notice a new work, "Episodes of Fiction." We here re-produce from it Miss Mitford's sketch of "Tom Cordery" from "Our Village," with an Illustration by Harrison Weir.

"Tom called his own home 'pleasant' too; and there, though one loves to hear any house so called—there, I must confess, that favourite phrase, which I like almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied. And yet it was finely placed—very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep, abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scottish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brushwood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and, after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half-hidden among the sallows. Behind these sallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pig-sty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants; pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half a dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave tokens that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions, the sick, the delicate, the newly-caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he himself had often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new; complained of children and other bad company: and looked down on his neighbours with that sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hill-side, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!"



TOM CORDERY'S COTTAGE.

Parliament has been further prorogued from December 23 to January 10.

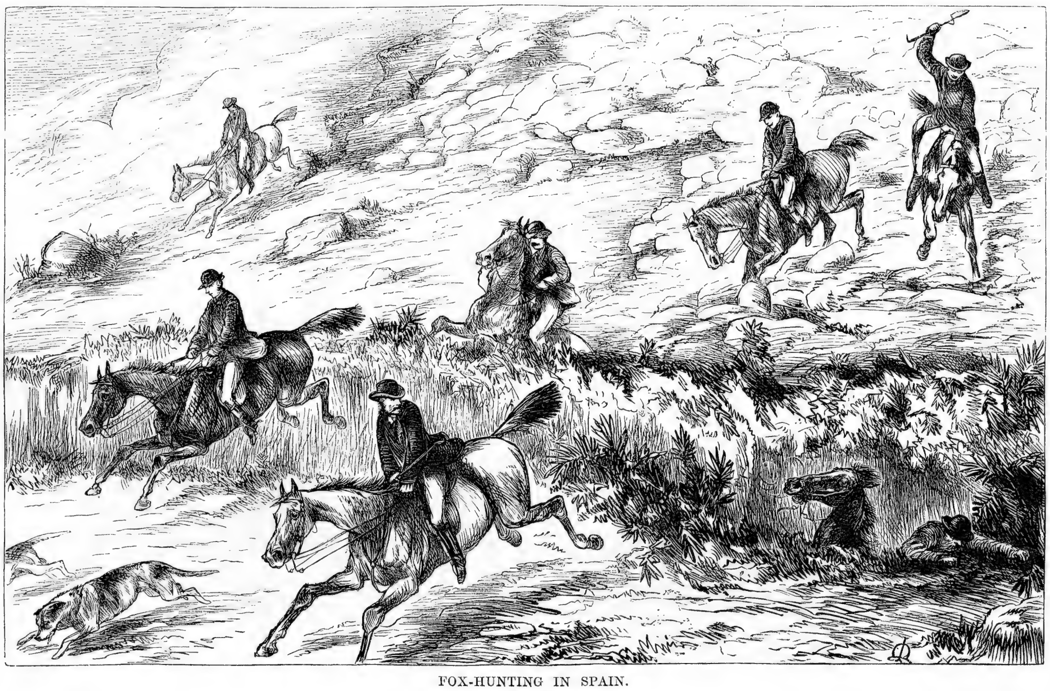
FOX-HUNTING IN SPAIN.

Followers of the Pytchley, the Worcestershire, or the North Warwickshire, whose "first meet" we Illustrated last week, will be interested in our Engraving of a Spanish Fox-hunt, though they may not envy the gentlemen who are taking part in it. There are some stiff fences in the Midlands, and even the best of our sportsmen come to grief getting over them sometimes; but we think the district might be searched long enough before one came across such a bit of hunting country as that which our artist shows in his sketch. A steep hill-side; large, loose stones rolling about, and playing the deuce with your horse's legs; a nasty "drop" at the foot of the hill—these are not exactly the features which a fox-hunter, however ardent may be his love of sport, would select for a day's run with the hounds. Again, Spanish maidens are very attractive—their eyes are black and lustrous; but put them in the hunting-field, and see where they are as compared with our own Midland fair-haired Dianas! The ladies don't take at all kindly to field sports in Spain; it is in England only that they ride to hounds with all the pluck and skill of their husbands and brothers. A Spanish fox-hunt may be amusing enough in its way; but give us "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" in the Midlands, and, whether the meet be at Stoneleigh or Kenilworth, at Hindlip Hall (the residence of that genuine sportsman, Henry Allsopp, Esq.), or quiet Pershore, and we are quite content, let followers of fox-hounds in the Peninsula build up as many "castles in Spain" as they will.

THE PARIS ELECTIONS.

Those who have seen the working of an English election during the progress of a stiff contest, and who know the excitement that the Briton is capable of getting up under circumstances of such import, will not need to be told of the state of phrenzy that our neighbours across the channel labour under at such times as the general election that is now agitating France from the Tuileries to the Quartier Latin. Meetings are held daily and nightly by the friends of the various candidates just as they are in this country, and speeches *pro.* and *con.* are made with all the energy of which French speakers are capable. Rochefort's candidature at Paris caused, as our readers are aware, considerable interest, though that fiery demagogue appeared to be not equal to the occasion of addressing those whom he would call his constituents. When called on for a speech Rochefort hum'd and ha'd, and finally made a miserable failure, as regards oratory; and repeated the same apology for a speech at another quarter of Paris. Our Engraving represents one of these political gatherings, and a speech by one of the candidates; who, however, has not by any means got "the ear of the house," for in the body of the hall there is much talking and gesticulation going on, and, at one end of the room, it looks very much as though a fight were on the *tapis*. The speaker's oration has aroused even one of the gentlemen on the platform, who has risen from seat as though Rochefort had delivered himself of one of his bitterest epigrams against the Government and the reigning dynasty. The scene is very characteristic in every particular; and judging by the newspaper reports at these Paris gathering, one is inclined to ask if this is one of those things that "they manage better in France?"

While so many complaints are being made about diluted milk in London, it is interesting to know what our Hindoo fellow-subjects do to defend themselves when served with the produce of the "cow with the iron tail." A Brahmin of Lahore the other day detected a Mussulman in the act of watering milk previous to its sale. It was not only the water which horrified the pious Hindoo, but also the fact that it was poured into his intended food by one of the accursed disciples of Islam. Accordingly he assembled all his fellow Brahmins in Lahore, and they arrived at the unanimous resolution to drink no more milk, nor anything in which milk formed an ingredient, henceforward. It was a "self-denying ordinance," seeing that, as *Indian Public Opinion* alleges, Brahmins are sometimes known to drink ten quarts of milk in a day. But they have adhered to it, even during the late season of *Sradh*, a Hindoo festival, when the devout are wont to supply them with that and other good things gratis, in memory of their departed friends. The Halwais and Dojas (functionaries who appear to correspond with the familiar keepers of milk shops and milkmen of London) are, accordingly, in despair, seeing they cannot sell a drop at a time when the demand usually far exceeds the supply.—*The Echo.*



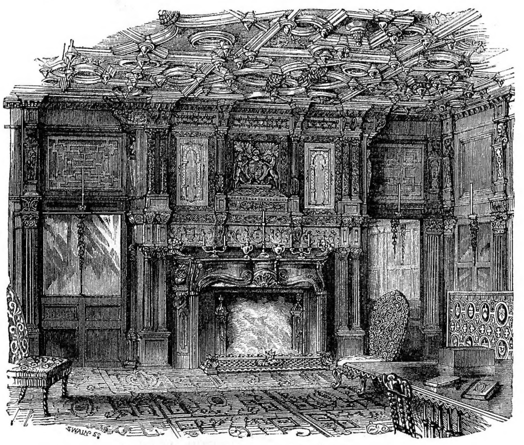
FOX-HUNTING IN SPAIN.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

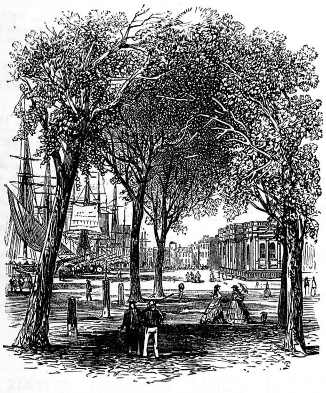
There are few more suggestive names than "Yarmouth." You have only to think of it to conjure up recollections of succulent bloaters cured at that famous Eastern Counties' port; while visitors to Yarmouth will not have forgotten the church of St. Nicholas, said, and no doubt justly so, to be one of the handsomest of all our parish churches; the organ is indeed the finest known, with the exception of the magnificent instrument at Haarlem. St. Nicholas was once celebrated for the performance of Miracle Plays within its walls and for its gorgeous decorations. The church is 230 feet long, by 108 broad. Close by is the Benedictine Monastery, or rather what remains of it, recently restored and now used as a national school. Formerly on Christmas Day a breakfast, to which all the parishioners were invited, was given here, but scandal arising (of what nature we are unaware) from the custom, the breakfast was discontinued. But the most interesting feature in Yarmouth local history is its fisheries. The mackerel fishery begins in the early part of May, and terminates in the first week of July. Then comes the deep-sea white herring fishery. The boats have to be at Brassey Sound, Shetland, by June 22; there the fishery officer appointed by the Board of Commission at Edinburgh examines their nets, stores, &c. There is a bounty of £3 per ton on the admeasurement of the boat, and 4s. per barrel on the number of barrels of fish caught, the fishery being regulated by Act of Parliament. The red herring, or Home Fishery, does not begin until a little before Michaelmas; the latter part of October is the season of the greatest plenty, and the fishing terminates in November.

Portions of the old town walls are still to be seen, and in 1863 there was standing one of the towers by which the place was defended. On the quay stands a house built in the reign of Elizabeth by Benjamin Cowper, a wealthy merchant, and now the residence of C. J. Palmer, Esq., F.S.A. A peculiar interest is attached to one of the rooms in this old mansion, for it is said that in it the death of Charles the First by the headsman's axe was finally decided on. It is certain that a secret conference of great importance was held in this chamber by some of the friends and adherents of Cromwell, and many of the leading officers of the army. The apartment in which it took place is on the first floor, having three windows looking upon the Quay. It is 30 feet long by 18 feet wide. The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling, and richly adorned with carved work. At one end is a chimney-piece of massive but elegant design, profusely and exquisitely carved. The ceiling is enriched by projecting mouldings, with pendant bosses at the intersections, and the compartments into which it is divided are ornamented with fruits and flowers, among which the rose, the grape, and the pomegranate predominate. One can imagine the conference which terminated so fatally to the king. At an oaken table in this long and somewhat gloomy apartment, the door of which was strictly guarded, sat the determined owner of the house, John Carter, a firm adherent of the Protector's, dressed in the buff jerkin which is still religiously preserved. Beside him was the Recorder, Miles Corbet, an astute lawyer and resolute partizan, ready and willing to sit in judgment on his sovereign, and to send him to an ignominious death. William Burton, another burgess and leading elder (whose son married a daughter of Desborough, and whose name was, at the Restoration, ordered to be erased from all public documents), was probably there, with Bendish and some others; whilst on the other side sat Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law; Desborough, his brother-in-law, a stern republican; Fleetwood and Bradshaw; Barkstead, whose regiment had garrisoned the town; Scroope, who had previously been sent to Yarmouth by the Committe of Parliament; and Goffe, who, with Burton, afterwards represented the town in the parliament of the Commonwealth. These men deliberated upon the crimes committed by the king against the liberties of the people, descanted upon the dissatisfaction of the army, urged the impossibility of trusting to any engagement entered into by the king, and insisted that any compromise would end in their own destruction. The subject was, however, too weighty a one to be slightly disposed of. It was a grave matter, especially in those days, to talk about killing a king! The debate was consequently an animated and protracted one. At what hour this momentous conference commenced we are not informed, but we are told that the dinner which had been ordered at four o'clock was put off from time to time till eleven o'clock at night. Those who had been so long in conference then came down-stairs, took a hasty repast, and immediately departed, some for London and others for the quarters of the army. A commission was soon afterwards issued for the trial of the king. We all know that he refused to plead to the "pretended High Court of Justice." Nevertheless, he was condemned; and Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Barkstead, Scroope, Goffe, and Corbet, with many others, signed the warrant for his execution.

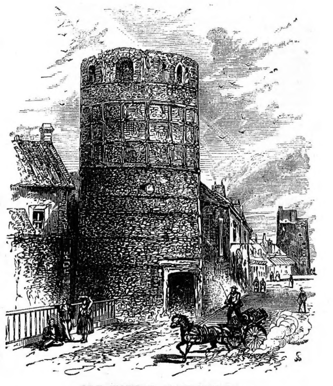
The three Illustrations we give of old Yarmouth cannot, we think, fail to interest many readers; for the place annually receives an accession to its number of visitors, who find plenty to amuse and interest them on this part of the coast.



AN OLD MANSION AT YARMOUTH.



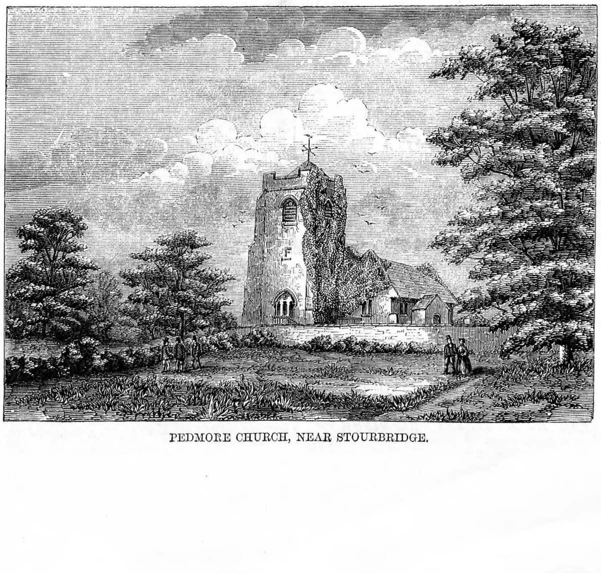
THE SOUTH QUAY, YARMOUTH.



OLD TOWER, YARMOUTH,

PEDMORE CHURCH.

This ancient church was certainly one of the most interesting churches in the county of Worcester, and the necessity which existed for pulling it down was regretted by many lovers of antique ecclesiastical architecture in the neighbourhood. It had, however, fallen into such a state of decay that the necessity was imperative, and at present only the tower remains standing. The church consisted of a nave, south aisle, chancel, and tower. In the Domesday survey we find, in the entry having reference to Pedmore, (or Pevemore, as it was then called,) that a priest is mentioned among the other inhabitants. This fact shows that at the time of the Conquest there was a church in Pedmore. Of course the church which has been recently taken down was not that which existed at that remote period; but undoubtedly portions of it had come down from that time. In the opinion of persons well able to judge, the chancel and chancel-arch were at least as old as the reigh of Henry III. (1250.) The body of the church, however, had been rebuilt more than once, and portions of the original structure were incorporated with the restored edifice. The most remarkable of these relics was a piece of Saxon sculpture in the south doorway. This "strange device" was intended to represent the Deity surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists—an angel, a calf, an eagle, and a lion. The principal figure in this singular group has two fingers and thumb of his right hand extended, thus symbolizing the Trinity. While taking down the church the workmen found portions of a similar sculpture. These portions were on a larger scale, and the carved faces were turned inwards. Besides these relics there were found remnants of the shafts and tooth-mouldings of Norman arches; and in the south aisle, which seems to have been a chapel (probably to the Virgin), a piscina remained. The famous Saxon doorway will be left intact, and all those characteristic relics which have survived the corrosion of six, some of eight, centuries, and the destructive hand of man, will be most carefully incorporated in the new church about to be built. The Norman arch of the chancel which was so interesting a feature in the church will be carefully taken down and re-erected over the organ on the north side of the chancel; and an interesting window of two lancet lights in the chancel will also be religiously restored. The building which has just been taken down was probably not much over four centuries old. The character of the foundations and the workmanship both betokened great poverty on the part of those who erected it. The insufficiency of the former had caused the walls to warp and crack to an extent that rendered them dangerous. An inspection of the tower shows that at one time it had been taken down to within some fifteen feet from the ground. It was not rebuilt, however, on the same centre line, no doubt in order that it might be placed due east and west at the time of rebuilding. At one time the tower had four pinnacles; but in some former repairs these have been taken away and replaced by an ugly, inartistic roof. It is proposed to restore the tower in accordance with its original design. The new church, which will soon rise upon the site of the old one, will be built after designs by Mr. Frederick Preedy, of London, and will be as nearly as possible on the plan of the original church. The cost will be £3000, towards which sum the Feoffees of Oldswinford Hospital, who are owners of the greater part of the parish, have subscribed £1,500. The Rev. J. H. Whitely, rector of the parish, and the Rev. T. Philpott and Miss Philpott, whose father was for a great number of years rector, have subscribed £500 for the erection of the chancel. Something more than £300 is still wanting, but no doubt that comparatively small sum will soon be forthcoming. The parishioners may expect to see the church restored in the true sense of the word, but however fine and commodious the new building may be, the present generation will not readily lose the memory of those venerable, ivy-covered walls within which so many of their fathers worshipped.



PEDMORE CHURCH, NEAR STOURBRIDGE.

Mr. Greenway, of Warwick, has contributed £50 towards the fund for building a church for the inhabitants of Small Heath district; and the Lord Bishop of Worcester, unsolicited, £20.

THE IRON MINES OF THE WEALD.

The *Transactions of the International Congress of Prehistoric Archæology* contain a paper by W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A., F.R.S., on "The Antiquity of the Iron Mines of the Weald." Perhaps few (says Mr. Dawkins) as they go by train from Tunbridge to Hastings, through the well-wooded, sparsely-populated country, now plunging into a tunnel, now looking down a valley from the top of an embankment, realize that they are in the midst of what was not very long ago the principal iron district in England. The large woods, the green fields, the quaint old houses, contrast so strongly with the dense population, the clang of forges, and the large barren cinder-heaps of the Black Country, that it is hard to believe that the weald of Kent and Sussex at one time stood at the head of our iron export trade, or that the last furnace grew cold but some forty years ago; yet the facts are beyond doubt. Mr. Lower, the eminent Sussex antiquary, has traced the mediæval history of the ironworks of Sussex, in a valuable series of papers, published by the Archæological Society of that county, and the Rev. E. Turner has proved that they have probably been worked since the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The evidence that came before my notice, while I was engaged in the geographical survey of the district in 1862, seems to point towards their being of a far higher antiquity. The extent to which the ironstone has been worked can only be realized by a careful survey. The old pits lie so closely together, and are so universally found wherever the ironbearing stratum occurs, that it is almost possible to map the latter by their indications alone. . . . . If we cut valleys in miniature out of the mass of paper, the coloured fragments exposed in their sides will represent most accurately the disconnected surfaces of the rocks, laid bare by rain, frost, and the erosive action of the streams. The ironbearing stratum, therefore, does not now form one continuous mass, but is scattered about in patches, from Tunbridge on the north to Hastings on the south, and from Horsham in the west to the old port of Winchelsea in the east. Throughout this district are the traces of the old works, consisting of the old embankments of the hammer-ponds, large heaps of scoriæ, and the mine pits, as they are termed, from which the ore was obtained. The mine-pits are small circular or oval depressions, from three to six feet wide and from six to eight feet deep. They consist of partially filled-up shafts, which varied in depth according to the thickness of the clay above the ironstone from seven or eight to forty feet. They lie very close together, and are now very generally overgrown with trees; and as the ground they occupy is very much broken up, it is not yet brought under cultivation. The method of mining was to sink a shaft down to the ironstone, to remove as much ore as was within reach, then the shaft was partially filled up, and the operation repeated; and for this reason the mine-pits are so numerous and so close together that they bear a strong resemblance to the hut-circles within Celtic and Roman forts, such as those of Penknowle near Wells, Worle Hill near Weston-super-Mare, Brent-knowle in Somerset, and Penselwood on the Somerset border of Wilts.

A CIRCUS PERFORMANCE AT CAIRO.

Our Illustration on page 188 represents a performance at a circus before the Khedive at Cairo. Those who have only seen this form of entertainment in English towns can form but little idea of the comfort and elegance that are to be found in such a circus, for example, as that one depicted in our Illustration, more especially when the patron of the performance is the highest dignitary in the land, having for his guest the consort of one of the mightiest potentates in Europe. The performers of the Cairo circus had for audience the Khedive and the Empress of the French, whose tour in the East has been illustrated in this Paper up to a recent date. The artist has taken for illustration the time when one of the three clowns is putting some dogs through a performance; the "house" was lit up and decorated in an unusually brilliant manner; the audience was a select one; and the entertainment is reported to have much amused the Royal patrons of the circus.

The Empress Eugénie arrived at Alexandria on the 13th inst., and received the chief French residents at the French Consulate. Her Majesty thence went to Port Saïd.

Dr. Moberly was enthroned at Salisbury Cathedral on Saturday. The new Bishop preached on Sunday.

MR. D. D. HOME'S READINGS.

MR. D. D. HOME has the honour to announce that he will give his

READINGS

FROM

Popular Authors,

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On WEDNESDAY NEXT, November 24th, 1869.

PROGRAMME.

Larry's Appeal for Justice	Mrs. S. C. Hall.
The Young Grey Head	Caroline Bowles.
Widow Bedott	Anon.
The Raven	E. A. Poe.
Romeo and Juliet	By a Frenchman.
The Vagabonds	Troubridge.
The Grandmother	Tennyson.
An Address to the American Flag	Anon.
The Death of th' Owd Squire	From *All the Year Round.*
No. 5, Collect Street	Anon.

Doors open at 7 30 p.m.; the Readings to begin at 8 o'clock precisely.

TICKETS, 3s., 2s., and 1s.

May be had at Mr. Harrison's Music Warehouse, Colmore Row, and Bennett's Hill.

PRESS OPINIONS OF MR. HOME'S READINGS.

The Illustrated London News, May 8th, 1869.

* * * "Mr. Home appeared as a public elocutionist, and surprised a numerous and fashionable audience by the display of singular qualifications for the task. There are, indeed, few such readers as Mr. Home. * * * A pleasanter evening's entertainment cannot be conceived, and its rare excellence merits public support.

The Court Journal, London, January 20th, 1869.

* * * "Mr. Home ranks high as a reader, and so great is his versatility, that he draws down tears in some of his pathetic readings, while in some of his Irish and Yankee anecdotes, his humour is so great that he convulses the audience with merriment. The recital of the 'American Widow' would cause the belt of an anchorite to burst. Throughout the comic parts the spectators realised Milton's line, 'And laughter holding both her sides.'" * * *

The Daily Telegraph, London, April 29th, 1869.

"Yesterday evening, Mr. D. D. Home gave the first of a series of three readings at the Hanover-square Rooms. There was a large audience. * * * The audience found in the first reading (of Handy Andy) that there was nothing of the amateur about Mr. Home. * * * The second was a recitation of Jean Ingelow's ballad, 'The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1751,' and that was followed by Caroline Bowles' rhymed story of the 'Young Grey Head.' In both these poems the domestic interest is very strong, and the pathos is heightened by poetic descriptions of scenery. Mr. Home showed that he was sensible of this by placing the word-pictures vividly before the minds of his audience. Then he turned to the humourous, and made his hearers roar again and again with laughter at the interminable maunderings of 'Widow Bedott.' * * * In the second part, Mr. Home read two poems by the Poet Laureate; they were the 'Grandmother' and the 'Northern Farmer.' Both were read successfully, and there was in the audience a distinct sense of the skill which was shown in the mastery of dialect."

Brighton Guardian, January 27th, 1869.

* * * "Mr. Home has that rare and almost undefinable sympathetic quality which wins its way with all classes of hearers, and not only fixes attention, but retains. This is a natural gift rather than an artificial acquirement; but Mr. Home's acquired accomplishments enable him to use it successfully. His elocution is clear and polished; his action quiet and finished; his manner unpretending and self-contained. His style of reading is elegant in serious pieces, and very jovial in comic selections. He has a quietness of manner, too, that sometimes makes a decided 'hit.' * * * Altogether, Mr. Home can hold his own with most, if not all, contemporary general readers." * * *

The Standard, London, July 19th, 1869.

* * * "A concert given last Friday morning was happily relieved by the introduction of a novel and sensational element, in the shape of some admirable 'recitals' by those clever and interesting elocutionists Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) and Mr. D. D. Home. * * * Mr. Home, who has made the public familiar with his talents through his recent series of entertainments in the Hanover-square Rooms, selected for recital 'The Vagabonds,' by Troubridge, and 'Widow Bedott,' both of which he declaimed with remarkable vigour, sentiment, and humour." * * *

The Queen, London, June 19th, 1869.

* * * "Mr. D. D. Home's Readings at the Hanover-square Rooms, last week, were a most triumphant success in all ways."

The Morning Post, London, June 29th, 1869.

Mr. Home, who gave a miscellaneous reading at the Hanover-square Rooms, last night, has higher qualifications for his task than many professors of the art. * * * He is an intelligent, sympathetic exponent of his text; clear and accurate in delivery, invariably correct in emphasis, and without excess of gesture, well versed in suiting the action to the word. His recitations of Edgar A. Poe's "Raven," and Hamilton Aide's pathetic story called "Lost and Found," may be cited as illustrations of his effective treatment of solemn and awful themes. Of his aptness in imitating strange dialects and hitting off comic peculiarities of character there was satisfactory proof. The room was crowded, and the reader was evidently in great favour with his audience."

The Era, London, July 18th, 1869.

"Miss Maria Stocken's Concert and Recital.— * * * The combination of recitations with music appears to be on the increase, and Miss Stocken certainly advanced the new theory at her entertainment. Two of the best readers of the day—Mrs. Dallas (Miss Glyn) and Mr. D. D. Home—appeared, and varied the musical selections in the most delightful manner. Mr. D. D. Home—who, if one of the last in the field, is certainly one of the very best readers or reciters of the time—gave Troubridge's quaint but pathetic sketch 'The Vagabonds,' with admirable taste and undeniable dramatic force. He afterwards told the rambling and laughable story of the 'Widow Bedott,' a female uncommonly partial to digressions." * * * [235

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND DOG SHOWS.

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BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW, 1869.

THE TWENTY-FIRST GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, ROOTS, CORN, and IMPLEMENTS, will be held in Bingley Hall, on SATURDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, November 27th, 29th, and 30th, and December 1st and 2nd. £2,100 in PRIZES.

Admission:—On Saturday, November 27th, (to witness the whole of the Judging,) 10s.; on Monday, November 29th, till Five p.m., 5s., after that hour, 1s.; on Tuesday, November 30th, 1s.; on Wednesday and Thursday, December 1st and 2nd, 1s. till Five p.m., after that hour, 6d.

For special Railway Arrangements, see the Advertisements and Bills of the several Companies. [232

THE DOG SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE TENTH GREAT ANNUAL DOG SHOW will be held in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, on Monday, November 29th, and three following days.

The PRIVATE VIEW on Monday, November 29th. Admission to Three o'clock, 5s.; after that hour, 2s. 6d. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, admission, 1s. Children, half-price.

Subscribers of 10s. 6d. will receive three tickets of admission, available on Monday, (the private view) Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday; Subscribers of £1. 1s., six tickets; and Donors or Subscribers of a larger amount tickets in the like proportion.

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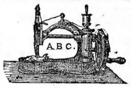

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LABORATORY OF FLOWERS,
MITCHAM AND LONDON.

PIESSE & LUBIN
ATELIER DES FLEURS
WHITE ROSE, a most delicate odour.
FRANGIPANNI, an eternal perfume.
MAGNOLIA, natural as the flower.
OPOPONAX
The Flower King
AMBERGRIS, more rare than gold.
VIOLET and ORANGE, for Weddings.
KISS-ME-QUICK, always sweet.
Three Bottles in case, 7s.;
Single Samples, 2s. 6d.
2, New Bond Street, London

[167

RICE FLOUR IS NOT CORN FLOUR.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Best Quality Packets - - - - - 2d., 4d., and 8d.
Second Quality „ - - - - - 1½d. 3d., and 6d.

The Public, it is hoped, will discriminate between cheap inferior qualities, bearing a false name, and BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR, which is genuine. Prepared solely from Maize or Indian Corn.

[195

REEVES'S WARWICKSHIRE SAUCE.

This most Pure and Wholesome Condiment is universally acknowledged to be the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the Public, and is Sold Everywhere.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,
GEORGE FARMERY,
15, EDGBASTON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
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MIDLAND RAILWAY.

PARCELS BY PASSENGER TRAINS.

FOR the convenience of senders of small Parcels, the Midland Railway Company have opened several additional RECEIVING OFFICES in BIRMINGHAM, where Parcels will be received for Conveyance by Passenger Trains.

The following is a List of the Company's Receiving Offices in Birmingham :—

*31, New Street, opposite the Exchange.
*40½, Snow Hill, nearly opposite Great Charles Street.
*44, Hall Street, within 2 doors of Gt. Hampton Street.
Mr. Knowles,' Grocer, Broad Street.
Mr. Bower's, Excursion Office, 47, Worcester Street.
Mr. Graham's, Tobacconist, Horse Fair.
Mr. Guymer's, Tobacconist, 101, Digbeth.
Mr. Harvey's Money Order Office, 30, Aston Street.
Mr. Horton's, Chemist, 38, Newtown Row.
Mr. Coomb's, Tea Dealer, Summer Lane.

The Offices marked thus * are General Inquiry Offices, and receive Articles for Conveyance by Goods Trains as well as light Parcels to be forwarded by Passenger Trains.

No Booking Fees are Charged for Parcels taken to any of these Offices, and the charges for conveyance are in all cases the same as if the Parcels were delivered at the Station.

To ensure Parcels being forwarded by Midland Railway they should be delivered at one of these Offices, or at

THE MIDLAND PARCELS OFFICE, NEW STREET STATION,
And should in all cases be plainly directed
Per "MIDLAND RAILWAY."
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, Oct. 25th, 1869. [213

CHRISTIAN'S TARAXACUM,
OR
DANDELION CHOCOLATE,
prepared from the juice of the dandelion root, combined with the finest chocolate. A most agreeable article of diet, invaluable to persons predisposed to affections of the liver, spasms, flatulency, biliary obstructions, weak digestion, or general debility.

CHRISTIAN'S,
New Street, Cannon Street, Birmingham. [40

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

TRADE MARK
STERLING VALUE

MANUFACTURING FURRIER,
49, *NEW STREET (Corner of Temple Street),*
BIRMINGHAM.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1798. [12

PRIZE MEDALS.

NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR
1862 LONDINI HONORIS CAUSA
S.A. LE PRINCE IMPERIAL NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR
1868

GEORGE TOWNSEND & CO.,
GIVRY NEEDLE WORKS,
HUNT END, NEAR REDDITCH.
12, WALBROOK, LONDON, E.C., AND 54, RUE REAUMUR, PARIS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REELS, SPRINGS, &C.,
FOR SEWING MACHINES.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HAND SEWING NEEDLES,
OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, MADE FROM THE BEST REFINED CAST STEEL.

NEEDLES MADE TO PATTERNS OR DRAWINGS.
Inventors of Stamping Sewing Machine Needles in 1851, and Patentees of the Treble-Groved Sewing Machine Needles.

MAKERS TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

HAVRE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1868. JUROR'S REPORT:
"GEORGE TOWNSEND & Co., by the superiority and ingenuity of their Needles, Shuttles, Springs, and other Accessories, have largely contributed to the popularity of the Sewing Machine."
[56

DIVIDENDS 10 TO 20 PER CENT.
For Safe and Profitable Investments,
Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR *(Post Free).*
(THE NOVEMBER NUMBER NOW READY.)
It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments of the day.
SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, CAPITALISTS,
Will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.

Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33, Poultry, London, E.C. (Established 1852).
Bankers: London and Westminster, Lothbury, London, E.C. [197

NEW STREET and CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THOMAS HOLROYD
IS NOW SHOWING AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' AUTUMN JACKET CLOTHS,
Of German, French, and English Manufacture.

The POLARIAN, ABYSSINIAN, JERBOA, FUR SEAL, LAMBSKIN, NEWFOUNDLAND CURL, & EGYPTIAN CLOTHS,
Comprise the leading Novelties for the Season. [67

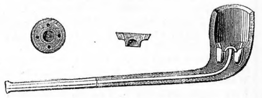
STAR TEA COMPANY
FOR GOOD BLACK, GREEN, OR
MIXED TEA, 2s. 6d. per lb.
74 B, WORCESTER STREET, BIRMINGHAM. [16

AWFUL WRECK OF THE HESPERIA,
BOUND TO SINGAPORE,
JUST SUNK IN THE THAMES.

20,000	Yards of 36in. Best White SHIRTING, slightly wet, to clear at once, 4½d. per yard.
20,000	Yards White 36in. CAMBRIC, 4½d., very fine.
40,000	Yards 33in. Brown CALICO, 2½d. per yard.
200	RAILWAY and CARRIAGE RUGS, 10s. 6d. each, worth 21s. each.
200	Pairs of BLANKETS, all Wool, 6s. 6d. the pair.
300	HEARTH RUGS, very serviceable, 5s. 6d. each.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE, AT
ORAM'S,
124, *BROAD STREET.* [183

M. J. ROTHSCHILD,
Midland
WATCH MANUFACTORY
Wholesale and for Exportation,
15, CAROLINE STREET,
BIRMINGHAM. [161
TRADE MARK



UNDERHILL'S PIPE OF THE PERIOD.
Registered.

"All lovers of the fragrant weed will welcome this invention." *Vide* "Birmingham Gazette," June 10, 1869.

"It is quite a novelty in its way and possesses many exclusive improvements." *Vide* "Tobacco Trade Review," Aug. 14, 1869.

To be had Wholesale and Retail, in Meerschaum (finest quality) from 16s., in Briar 1s. each, best quality 1s. 6d., from JOHN UNDERHILL, Tobacconist, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM. [29

HUNT'S ECONOMICAL MOURNING AND FUNERAL WAREHOUSE,
94, *BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

BLACK SILKS, Deep and Half Mourning Dresses of Every Description.
SHAWLS, MANTLES, BONNETS, CAPS, and all kinds of Mourning Fancy Goods.
FUNERALS conducted with economy in any part of the country. [163

THE COLUMBIA ENGINEERING WORKS,
TINDAL STREET, LADYWOOD,
BIRMINGHAM.

JOHN E. FINNEY, Manufacturer of every description of Steam Engines, Boilers, Boiler Mountings, Shafting, Pulleys, &c.,

Steam Hoisting Crabs and Cranes, & general Machinery.

Finney's celebrated 2½-horse horizontal Engines with vertical Boilers and Fittings complete £45.

Engines from 2½ to 20 horse power in Stock.
A first class 16-horse horizontal Engine ready for immediate delivery. Price £120 nett. [36

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks :—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in ¼lb., ½lb., and 1lb. tin-lined packets, labelled :—

JAMES EPPS and Co., Homœopathic Chemists,
LONDON. [174

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